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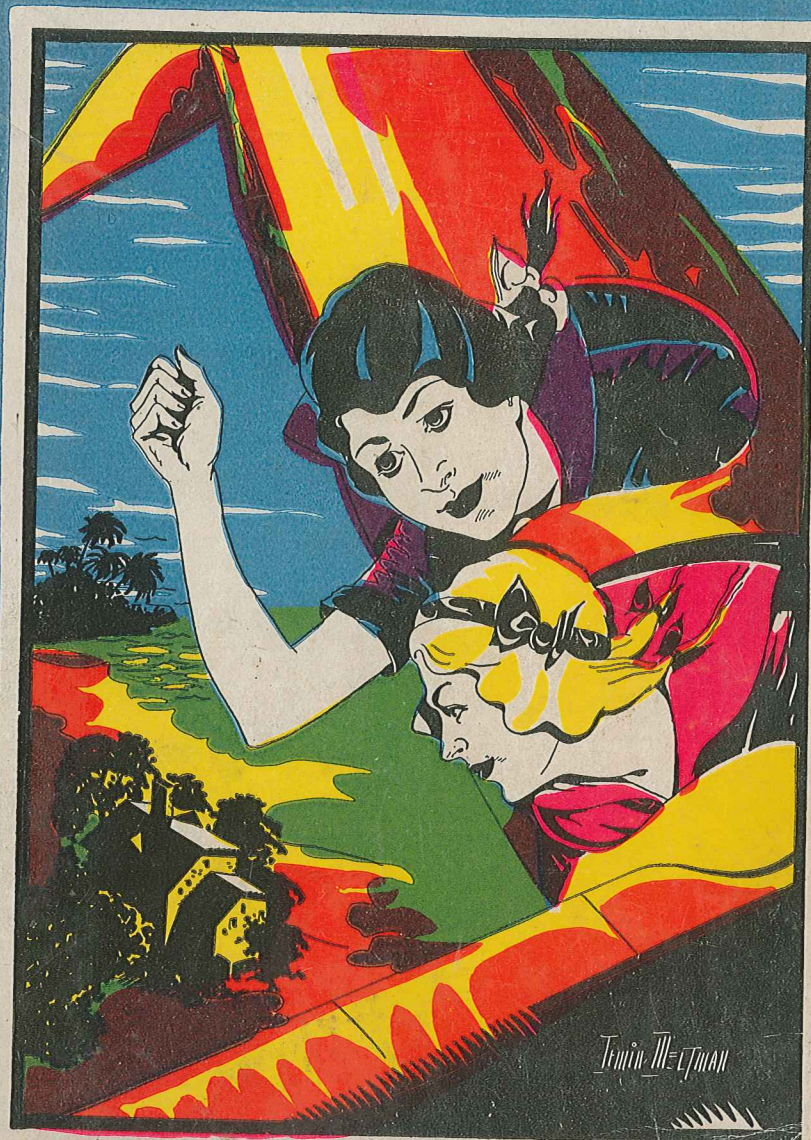
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THE
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GIRLS
FLYING
AROUND
THE GLOBE

DEVRIES

THE CAMPFIRE GIRLS Flying Around the Globe



WORLD
SYNDICATE

THE CAMPFIRE GIRLS
Flying Around the Globe

**THE CAMPFIRE
GIRLS
FLYING AROUND
THE GLOBE**

BY JULIANNE DEVRIES

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CHAPTER I

"I'm sorry, Billy Evans, but you'll have to get your own lunch if you want to get out to the golf course in time to meet your friends. I've simply got to get this report into the mails this afternoon. Its two days late already and if it isn't in New York by Monday, the National Organization will have my life."

Calling in her ultimatum to her disgruntled husband, pretty little Mrs. Evans, Guardian of Wa-Wan-da Camp Fire of Oakdale, settled herself behind her portable typewriter on her spacious front porch and began compiling her regular monthly report to the National Headquarters of the Camp Fire Organization in New York, a duty that is required of all Camp Fire Guardians. With furrowed brows and pursed lips she set to work, referring every now and then to the mass of notes, Count Books, in which the Camp Fire Girls kept a record of their various achievements in the different crafts and other memoranda piled on the wicker table before her. So engrossed was she in her task that not only did she fail to notice the departure of her husband with his bag of golf clubs over his shoulder and a half eaten sandwich in his hand but the arrival of a messenger boy some minutes later with a telegram merely elicited

an absent minded wave of a hand and a mumbled direction to place it on the table.

"But y'gotta sign fer it, lady," the boy insisted as Mrs. Evans made no move to take the proffered slip of paper.

"Sign what?" she asked, looking up, puzzled.

"Y'gotta sign dis paper," the boy explained, exasperated, "t'show y' got de telegram. Here, put yer name where it sez number ten."

"Telegram?" asked Mrs. Evans, surprised. "Did I receive a telegram? Who is it from?"

"How should I know?" asked the boy. "I only brung it. Dere it is on de table where y' tol' me t' put it. Now will y' sign dis an lemme get back t' de office? Dey'll t'ink I'm fallin' down on me deliveries if I don't get back soon."

"Oh yes, of course," replied Mrs. Evans reaching for the slip of paper with a self conscious smile. "I'm sorry. I was so busy, I really didn't hear what you said. Where shall I sign?"

With a swift motion, she scribbled her signature on the line indicated by the boy and as he left, she picked up the yellow envelope and regarded it thoughtfully for a moment, speculating as to the possible identity of the sender, a queer habit most people seem to have insofar as telegrams are concerned.

"It couldn't be from Aunt Susie," she mused, "or Uncle Arthur. I had a letter from them this morning and everything seemed to be alright. Maybe its for Billy but it couldn't be, its addressed to me. Oh, I know. I bet its from Camp Fire Headquarters. They probably want to know why I haven't

sent in my report. Well, they'll have it by Monday, that is, if I can get it to the post office by six tonight."

With a shrug, Mrs. Evans tossed the message, still unopened, aside and returned to her work. Writing uninterruptedly for the next two hours she had almost completed her task when a shadow falling across the page on which she was working made her look up. Standing at the other side of the table was portly Mabel Chapman, her round ruddy face wreathed in its almost perpetual grin and her laughing, dancing eyes sparkling with mischief. Instigator of tom-boy pranks, deviser of practical jokes and maker of clever puns, such was the reputation of the girl who now came around to the side of the table where her leader was sitting and perched herself on the arm of the chair.

"Want to go swimming?" she asked. "I'm meeting Lenore and the bunch over by Halber's drug store and I thought you'd like to go along."

"That's awfully sweet of you," smiled Mrs. Evans, "and I would like to go but I don't think I can. I simply *must* finish these reports today. I'm almost through now but you'd better not wait. The girls are expecting you."

"Oh, they can wait a while," replied Mabel airily. "They haven't anything else to do and besides a swim'll do you good. You're hot and tired. Hurry up and get through. I won't bother you."

"Alright, if you insist," laughed Mrs. Evans. "You can help me if you want to. I won't need all those notes now, I'm through with them."

Gather them up, will you, and dump them in the house somplace. I'll put them away when I get back."

Gathering up the mass of papers with one all-including swoop, Mabel bore them into the house while Mrs. Evans went on with her typing, putting the finishing touches to her report. As she was concluding her final paragraph Mabel reappeared on the porch, waving the telegram that had arrived several hours before.

"Here's a telegram you forgot to open," she announced, handing it to her leader. "Might be something important."

"I don't think so," replied Mrs. Evans, "that's why I didn't open it. Its probably from National Headquarters about this report but you can open it yourself if you want to and see if I'm right."

Acting on her leader's suggestion, Mabel tore open the yellow envelope and extracted its contents. Running her eyes swiftly over the printed message, Mabel looked up with a smile as she handed the telegram to Mrs. Evans.

"You lose," she grinned. "Read it and weep."

Taking the message from Mabel, Mrs. Evans scanned it, a puzzled frown creasing her brow as she read.

"Important special instructions being mailed special delivery air mail," (she read) "act as soon after receipt as possible and advise.

National Camp Fire Organization."

"Now what on earth can they mean by that?" she asked, sinking into a chair.

"Maybe they want to use Caliban Island for

something," suggested Mabel, "or maybe they're going to hold a convention and want some of us to come."

"Its more than likely," mused Mrs. Evans, half to herself, "that our friend Luigi Halboro got out of jail somehow and is trying to use his political influence to make things uncomfortable for us. I wouldn't put anything past that man."

It was while the girls, under the able leadership of Mrs. Evans, were spending the last two weeks of summer vacation last year on Caliban Island (given to the Camp Fire Girls by Amos Jordan, eccentric millionaire of Oakdale) that they encountered and assisted in the capture of Luigi Halboro and his henchmen. For years, unknown to the inhabitants of Oakdale, Halboro had been stealing electric power from the town and diverting it by submarine cable to Caliban Island where it was distributed to other nearby towns. Uninhabited for thirty years, the Island situated in the middle of Lake Coro just outside of Oakdale, was an ideal hiding place for the dynamos and other machinery necessary to the gangster's racket until the Camp Fire Girls arrived there and, after a series of exciting adventures, unmasked his scheme and effected his capture. Halboro, however, was a clever lawyer and not without some political influence, thus giving Mrs. Evans ample grounds for her present fears.

"What do you think we ought to do?" asked Mabel worriedly. "I wouldn't like to get mixed up with that man again."

"Neither would I," answered Mrs. Evans. "I

guess we'll just have to sit tight and wait for that letter and find out what its all about."

"Well," replied Mabel philosophically, "there's no use worrying until we have something to worry about. Come on, lets go swimming and forget about it until that letter comes."

"I can't go now," answered Mrs. Evans, "I've got to stay here and wait for that letter. I wish it'd hurry up and come so I'd know what to do."

"I think you're going to get your wish," replied Mabel glancing out into the street as a dilapidated old machine drew up to the curb in front of the house and its uniformed driver sprang out. "Here comes your letter."

Mabel was right for as the young man came up the walk to the house he looked up on the porch where Mrs. Evans and Mabel were sitting.

"Mrs. Evans?" he asked, consulting the envelope he held in his hand. As the Camp Fire leader nodded and stretched forth her hand for the letter, Mabel signed the delivery sheet for her. Stopping only to glance at the upper left hand corner of the envelope to make sure that the letter was in truth from the Camp Fire Headquarters, Mrs. Evans feverishly ripped it open and removed the letter. With anxious eyes and almost baited breath, she began to read but she barely completed the first two sentences when she collapsed weakly into a chair and, with a gentle sigh, pretended to faint. Mabel instantly galvanized into action.

"Here, give me that," she commanded, "I'll read it aloud and if we both faint---well, we both faint. Ready?"

At a nod from Mrs. Evans, Mabel smoothed out the wrinkled letter and seating herself in a large wicker chair began her perusal.

"Dear Mrs. Evans," (she read) "After a careful and thorough consideration of every Camp Fire group in the country, the Board of Directors of this Organization has chosen you and the following five members of your Camp Fire, Anita Brooks, Mabel Chapman, Dolores Rodriguez, Alice Blake and Lenore Rivers to be its representatives on a round the world flight, the purpose of which will be to establish contact and create good will with other Camp Fire groups throughout the world. You will, of course, have these girls obtain their parents' consent and notify us at once as to the exact date you expect to be in New York so that we may complete arrangements for the flight, obtain passports, etc. Immediately upon hearing from you, we will forward the necessary railroad tickets for your transportation from Oakdale to New York. Upon your arrival in this city, you will proceed at once to Headquarters where the object of the flight will be explained in greater detail. Of course, your acceptance of this project, as well as that of the girls', is entirely voluntary but we feel that we are safe in assuming you will accept. We will assume all responsibility for the safety of your group and should anything untoward occur while abroad, we have already notified the various American ambassadors and Consular Offices in the countries you are to visit of your intended arrival and have received their assurances of safe conduct throughout Europe. Looking for-

ward to your immediate reply advising us of your acceptance together with letters of consent from the parents of the five girls, we beg to remain

Very truly yours

National Camp Fire Organization."

"Whooppee!" shouted Mabel, throwing the letter up into the air as soon as she finished reading it, "Hot dog! Whee! Zowie! Hooray! We're going to Europe!"

And with a wild leap she sprang from the porch and went racing down the street like one possessed, leaving a totally bewildered and flabbergasted Mrs. Evans sitting in her chair and staring vacantly into space before her.

The day was unbearably hot, but unmindful of the intense heat, Mabel continued her mad career down the street to the drug store where the others were waiting for her. Turning a corner at full speed, she was just in time to see Lenore's trim green roadster pull away from the curb a block away. They had already waited over half an hour for her and had decided to proceed without her when she spied them. With a shout that woke the echoes of the quiet little town, Mabel redoubled her efforts and as Lenore brought her car to a halt, Mabel sprang on the running board, gasping for breath.

"T---turn a---around," she panted, "we---we're g---going to Eur---Europe."

Oh," wailed Alice Blake in dismay, "the heat's affected her mind again! Drive to a shady spot, Lenore and let the poor thing cool off."

"Maybe she means her family is going to Europe," suggested Anita Brooks.

"Or maybe another war has been declared," snickered Dolores Rodriguez, "and she wants us to join the army."

"I mean what I said," replied Mabel. "We're going to Europe and by we I mean the five of us and Mrs. Evans. I just came from there."

"Where, Europe?" grinned Lenore.

"Listen, sap," replied Mabel, "if you think you have enough mental stability left to drive over to Mrs. Evans' house now, I'll show you something that'll surprise you. Step on the gas and prepare to get the surprise of your young and useless life."

CHAPTER II

Leaping from the machine as Lenore brought it to a halt in front of Mrs. Evans' home, the girls raced up to the porch where they found the still perplexed Camp Fire Guardian reading over the amazing message from Headquarters.

"Show 'em the letter, Mrs. Evans," asked Mabel. "They won't believe me. They think I'm kidding."

"Its true, alright," replied Mrs. Evans handing the letter to Dolores who was standing nearest her, "only I don't know why, out of hundreds of Camp Fire groups all over the United States, we should be singled out for this honor."

But she might as well have been talking to herself for all the attention she received. With a wild whoop Dolores flung the letter into the air after she read it and began executing a war dance about the porch and as the letter passed from hand to hand and each girl read its electrifying contents, any casual passerby would gather the impression that he was witnessing a scene of carnage as the girls leaped and danced about, shouting and pounding one another with sheer joy.

"When do we start?" cried Anita. "Are we going to fly across the ocean too?"

"Did you wire 'em and tell 'em we're going?" asked Mabel. "Better send it now, if you didn't, so we won't lose any time."

"I haven't done a thing since that letter came but sit here and stare," confessed Mrs. Evans. "I can't get over it."

"We'd better send one right away, then," began Lenore impulsively. "I'll drive over to the telegraph office now. What'll I say? We accept or okay or something like that?"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," replied Mrs. Evans firmly. "Remember, you've got to get the consent of your parents first. After thats done we'll talk about sending telegrams."

"Accept first and then get the consent is my motto," answered Mabel.

"This consenting business is going to take time," suggested Alice. "Our folks will want to see the letter and then come over here to talk to Mrs. Evans about it and by the time we all get permission, it'll be too late to go or they'll call the whole thing off."

"I was thinking about that," replied Mrs. Evans, "and I think I have a solution. Suppose you all bring your parents over here tonight and we can have a meeting and discuss the thing thoroughly. They can all read the letter at the same time and maybe we'll be able to settle the matter then and there."

"Swell," came the hearty chorus of approval.

"I think I'm going to need Mr. Evans' services as a lawyer," announced Lenore, "in order to convince my Dad. He wants me to work in his office again this summer and its going to take an awful lot of arguing to get him to let me go."

"If its an awful lot of arguing," snickered Mabel,

"you'd better do it yourself. Your logic is the worst I've ever heard."

"Again the pot calls the kettle black," sighed Mabel. "Well, ladies, we have work to do and I suggest that the sooner we start the preliminary work on our respective progenitors, the nearer we'll be to New York."

"Good idea," assented Dolores. "It'd be in the bag for me if one of the countries we're going to is Spain. My Dad was born in Barcelona and I've got a couple of aunts and uncles around there someplace he'd want me to visit."

"By jiminy, that's a good idea!" exclaimed Alice suddenly. "All of us have relatives of some sort in Europe. I have a cousin in England. Use that as your main talking point and the job's done, you know, dropping in to see the foreign relatives and all that."

"Golly, I never thought of that!" gasped Mabel, astounded. "I'm as good as on my way right now. My brother Ronald is in Germany studying medicine and will Mamma let me go to see Ronnie? Such a question! Boy, oh boy, I'm all set!"

"Fine," smiled Mrs. Evans, "that sounds like half the battle is won but nevertheless, let's not be too sure. Suppose we call the meeting for eight o'clock tonight and if, for any reason, some parents can't come, I'll phone them either tonight or tomorrow morning."

"Okay," agreed Mabel as the others joined in assenting, "we'll see you tonight anyhow."

Although the day was scorching hot, all thought of swimming had been driven from the girls'

minds by the new and exciting promised adventure before them and as they piled into Lenore's car after exacting a promise from their leader that she would accept the honor bestowed upon them provided the necessary parental permissions could be obtained, the chief and only topic of conversation was the proposed flight to and tour of Europe.

"Oh, I'm so thrilled!" squealed Alice, squeezing Dolores' arm in sheer ecstasy. "Just think! We're going to Europe by airplane!"

"Maybe," replied Lenore gloomily as she started her car. "You might be going but something tells me I'll be sitting in my little chicken coop in Dad's garage this summer as usual. On second thought, I don't think this relative visiting idea is so hot."

"Go on," urged Mabel, sarcastically, "throw wet blankets all over the place as you always do. The first thing you know, you'll be begging your folks not to let you go but believe me, I'm going to develop a sudden and practically uncontrollable desire to put on the lonesome sister act with brother Ronnie."

"We could try it," answered Anita, "it might work. Stranger things have happened."

"Of course," agreed Dolores, "and besides, I know of at least one family that would be only too glad to get rid of a certain fat pest in its midst."

"And if you go," answered Mabel bitingly, "it'll give your folks a chance to replace the furniture you've kicked to pieces with those long, skinny legs of yours."

"That's it," encouraged Lenore with sarcasm,

"start a fight so you'll be in a nice, pleasant mood when you get home. If brains were water, you two wouldn't have enough to drown a fly."

"Flies have been known to drown in oceans," replied Mabel drily.

"We're going to fly over one," remarked Anita slyly. "It would be an interesting experiment to see which drowns first, a fly or Mabel."

"If she ever fell into the ocean," scoffed Lenore, "she'd make a hole in it."

"Yes, dear," growled Mabel, "that would be so I could pull you in after me."

As Lenore brought her car to a halt in front of the Chapman residence, both Mabel and Anita got out, since Anita only lived around the corner from Mabel whereas the other girls lived at greater distances from each other.

"Don't forget, now," called Lenore as she drove away, "bring your folks to Mrs. Evans' tonight if you have to kidnap 'em to do it."

"Tell your Dad to bring some of those cigars of his," shouted Mabel, "and my Dad'll be sure to come."

"Whats this about cigars?" came a deep voice from the porch and as Mabel looked up she beheld her father reclining on the swing. Forgetting Anita's presence, Mabel made a dash for the porch and seeing that her friend intended to lose no time in presenting her case, Anita discreetly took herself homeward to follow Mabel's example. Flinging herself into her father's lap as he sat up on the swing at his daughter's approach, Mabel immediately launched her campaign. With a wild

almost incoherent outburst she let loose a torrent of words from which her bewildered father gathered that his son Ronald was entertaining European Camp Fire Girls in an airplane. Hearing the commotion, Mrs. Chapman came out on the porch to find out what was going on. Jumping from one to the other, Mabel continued her excited harrangue until, realizing that little or nothing could be gained by trying to rush her parents into giving their consent, Mabel waited until she had regained her normal composure and then, as calmly as she could, she told her surprised parents of the contents of the letter Mrs. Evans had received that afternoon.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman when Mabel had finished. "You just get such foolish ideas out of your head, young lady. I have enough trouble without having to worry about you flying around Europe in an airplane. Of all things! You certainly can not go and thats final. I don't want to hear another word about it."

"Aw, but Mom!" began Mabel despairingly, "all the other girls are going, at least I think they are."

"I don't care if the whole town is going," replied her mother. "You're not and that settles it."

"Please, Mom," begged Mabel almost on the verge of tears but a sly wink from her father, who, until now had said nothing one way or the other, silenced her.

"You leave your mother to me," he whispered. "If the rest of 'em let their daughters go, you're

going with 'em. We'll thresh it out at Mrs. Evans' tonight."

"Gee, Dad, you're a peach!" exclaimed Mabel whole-heartedly and with a light heart and a happy smile began helping her mother in the preparations for supper. If Mrs. Chapman suspected any connivance between her husband and daughter, she said nothing and the matter was not mentioned again until after the evening meal when, the dishes done, Mr. Chapman put down his newspaper and peering over his spectacles at his wife, cleared his throat.

"Y' know, Martha," he began, "I've been thinking. Its only fair to Mabel that we at least go over to Mrs. Evans' house tonight and find out for ourselves what this is all about. The parents of the other kids will probably be there and Mabel'll feel like two cents if we don't at least show we're interested in her doings."

"I suppose you're right," she replied laying aside her book, "but let me tell you one thing, Henry Chapman, I'll not stand for any of your soft talk. Don't think you can inveigle me into letting that child go tearing around the world in an airplane. I'm not as big a fool as you think."

Mr. Chapman, however, said nothing. He held a trump card up his sleeve and was merely waiting for the opportunity to play it.

Similar scenes and conversations were being held in the homes of Lenore, Alice, Dolores and Anita and so it was that five very downhearted and disappointed girls preceeded their parents to the home of the Camp Fire Guardian.

"Its all over but the shouting, I guess," sighed Lenore as she parked her car in front of Mrs. Evans' house after picking up her four friends a short while before. "We were foolish to even get excited about it."

"My Dad seemed to think it would be alright," replied Mabel, "but Mom's against it, tooth and nail so I guess that lets me out."

"Me too," sighed Alice. "My mother almost fainted when I told her about it."

"And when I told my folks about dropping in on the foreign relatives," groaned Anita, "they almost split laughing."

"We're a fine bunch of lawyers," sighed Dolores climbing out of the rumble seat. "Well, we might as well go in and tell Mrs. Evans and get it over with. I bet she wanted to go, too, and we're spoiling it for her."

"Well, its not our fault, is it?" grumbled Mabel. "We tried hard enough."

The girls had reached the porch when suddenly Dolores stopped in surprise and snapped her fingers.

"I've got it!" she cried, struck by a sudden thought. "Lenore had the right idea this afternoon. Mr. Evans is a pretty clever lawyer. Lets see if we can't hire him to present our cases and make a speech in our behalf, just like he does in court. We can pay him out of our allowances. It'd be worth it and more."

"Much more, financially," smiled that individual poking his head out from behind a Hydrangea bush where he had been tending to its roots, "but since

I think the trip would do Flo a world of good besides thinking the whole thing is a pip of an idea, I'll take the job for nothing but keep it under your hats. And thanks for the 'clever lawyer' crack. There are a lot of men in this town I wish had the same opinion."

But Mr. Evans had no further opportunity to speak. Recovering from their first shock of surprise, the girls literally plowed through the Hydrangea bush that bordered the walk and bore the startled Mr. Evans to the ground, smothering him in kisses and embraces of joyous ecstasy.

CHAPTER III

Whether it was Mr. Evans' oratory, Sergeant Blake's enthusiasm or Mr. Chapman's calmness or a combination of all three, the girls never knew since for obvious reasons, they were barred from the discussion. Loitering in front of the house, well out of the ranges of their parents' voices, they fidgeted and fretted for what seemed hours until the sudden banging of the screen door attracted their attention. Turning, they saw Mr. Evans' form briefly outlined for a moment in the doorway and as he descended the steps of the porch, they raced toward him, but one demonstration of Camp Fire Girl eagerness was enough for him. With a nimble leap, he caught one of the lower limbs of a huge tree that overshadowed part of the house and swung himself up into its leafy security.

"Now listen," he called from his arboreal retreat, "if you promise not to try to dismember me, I'll come down and tell you what's going on."

"Haven't they reached a decision yet?" asked Mabel disappointedly, "or has the meeting deteriorated into a bridge game?"

"Yes and no," laughed Mr. Evans enigmatically. "I'm not divulging any information until my physical safety is assured."

"We promise," came the eager chorus, "Whats up, beside you?"

"Well," replied Mr. Evans swinging himself down from the tree, "from present indications it would seem that I'm to become a temporary bachelor, providing one objection can be overcome."

"What is it?" asked Lenore anxiously.

"Well," answered Mr. Evans, "Dolores' Dad has raised an important question that none of us thought of before. It demands serious consideration before anything further can be done."

"Oh," wailed Dolores, "thats just like him to go and spoil everything! What silly idea has he got now?"

"Its not a silly idea," replied Mr. Evans. "Your Dad is afraid that if we let the bunch of you go, its liable to start another World War."

"I might have known you'd pull something like that just when we're so anxious to know the truth," sighed Anita.

"Quit kidding, please," begged Lenore. "I haven't any more fingernails left."

"Alright," laughed Mr. Evans. "Seriously, there is one objection or I should say one objector. Mrs. Chapman is the only holdout and I'm afraid she might be able to swing the other mothers to her side."

"Well for the love of Lulu," Mabel almost screamed, "don't stand here talking about it! Go in there and work on her. Tell her if she doesn't let me go, I'll tell everybody how old she is and how much she weighs. I'll take pictures of her with cold cream on her face and paste 'em up all

over town! I'll never give her a minute's peace for the rest of her life. Move, man, move! Don't stand there like a ninny!"

And grabbing the astounded Mr. Evans by the arms, she pushed him toward the house but he barely entered it when he came out again, this time switching on the porch light as he came and waving a sheet of paper above his head.

"The deed is done, we've won, we've won!" he cried to the waiting girls. "Your able Guardian has succeeded where others have failed. Here is the written consent of your parents and a telegram is on its way to New York! Cheers and celebrations are in order."

But the girls did not need Mr. Evans' promptings in order to express their feelings. With a loud whoop they rushed past him into the house and descended upon their astonished parents in a veritable avalanche, jabbering excitedly and fairly falling over one another in their exuberance.

"Yippee!" screamed Mabel above the din of the others, "We're going, gals, we're going!"

"When do we start?" shouted Lenore.

"The sooner, the better," yelled Anita.

Shaking his head bewilderedly, Mr. Rodriguez turned to Mr. Rivers who was sitting next to him.

"The way they're carrying on," he shouted, "one would think they were glad to get rid of us."

"They've forgotten we even exist any more," Mr. Rivers shouted back. "You can't blame 'em though. Opportunities like this don't happen every day and besides, the experience will be the best thing in the world for 'em."

"You're right about that," answered Mr. Rodriguez. "Things are different now than when we were young."

Finally, after several efforts, Mrs. Evans succeeded in restoring some semblance of order and when the room had quieted down a bit, she told the girls under what conditions their parents had given their consent for the flight, for it was only by agreeing to certain provisos made by the parents that she had finally obtained their written permissions.

"Your parents have given their consent," she announced, "provided we accept and agree to observe certain excellent suggestions made by them. First, we are not to go any place alone. That is, where one goes, we all go."

"That way," snickered Mabel, "I'll at least have someone handy all the time to wash my back when I take a bath."

"If at all," giggled Anita.

"Second," continued Mrs. Evans, "we are to mind our own business, strictly, at all times. That means we're to keep our noses out of other people's affairs. We'll probably be too busy with our own work anyway but just the same, I'm warning you beforehand."

"There goes the Spanish count you've been dreaming about, Dolores," whispered Lenore.

"And third," finished Mrs. Evans, "we will at all times live up to the Camp Fire Girl's Code and if we do that, I think the rest of the conditions will take care of themselves and the Code will take care of us."

"There's one more thing," Police Sergeant Blake, Alice's father remarked slyly, "and that is, remember, the Oakdale police force has no jurisdiction in Europe, so don't go getting yourselves into a mess of trouble by trying to capture gangsters."

"When do we start and where are we going?" asked Dolores eagerly.

"I don't know any more about that than you do," replied Mrs. Evans. "We'll have to wait until we receive an answer to the telegram I just sent but as long as we know we are going, I think it would be wise to begin making our preparations now. Our wardrobes will need looking over and although I don't think it advisable to carry too much baggage, at the same time I believe it best to prepare wearing apparel suitable to climatic extremes. For all I know, our itinerary might include Africa and Norway."

"In that case," grinned Mabel, "all we'd need would be a sun suit and a fur coat."

"Well," announced Mr. Brooks, Anita's father, rising, "everything seems to be all arranged and everybody's happy so I guess we might as well be trotting along. If I listen to those kids much longer, I'll want to go along too."

"It would be very nice if that were possible," smiled Mrs. Evans graciously, "but whats your hurry? Its early yet, barely after nine."

"Sure," urged Mr. Evans genially, "stick around. How about a game of bridge? We can have three tables and play in rotation. I'll phone Halber to send up some cigars and ice cream and we'll make an evening of it."

It didn't require much urging to induce Mr. Brooks and the others to stay but the girls were too highly excited to remain in the house. The spirit of adventure was upon them and they sought some outlet for their super-abundant energies. As Mrs. Evans, with the assistance of some of her guests set up the card tables and placed the chairs while Mr. Evans phoned the corner drug store for refreshments, the five girls discussed with one another the best possible way to spend the evening. The cinema was out of the question. The night was too hot and they were too excited to sit through a picture and when, in a town the size of Oakdale, the movies are scratched from the entertainment list, there remains but two alternatives, walking and visiting. Not deeming it fair to flaunt their good fortune in the faces of their less lucky friends by calling at their houses for the express purpose of telling them of the honor given them by the National Camp Fire headquarters, the girls set out for a stroll through the quiet, tree bordered, moonlit streets of the little town they were soon to leave for the first time in their lives for any great length of time. As they walked arm in arm up one thoroughfare and down another, each girl was absorbed in her own thoughts of the great adventure that lay before them. None of them had ever been further away from home than the state capitol and the thought that was uppermost in each girl's mind was the question of homesickness and although the date on which they were to begin their journey was still unknown, they looked about them as they walked along as though this

night were to be the last they were to spend in the sleepy little town they called home. Touching each tree with an almost caressing stroke as she passed them, Mabel sighed deeply and received four answering sighs in return. For a long time no one spoke until Dolores, gazing at the full moon through the leafy foliage, broke the silence.

"Darn it," she murmured softly, "now that everything's all set and we know we're going, it doesn't seem like such a hot idea."

"I was thinking the same thing," replied Anita slowly, "we'll sort of miss the old home town, I guess."

"All the old, familiar faces," whispered Lenore, quoting from a well known poem. "Gosh, nothing'll be the same. I won't even feel like the same girl or do the things that've become habits with me. Everything'll be changed."

"It seems to me," began Alice in a brisker tone of voice, "that we're acting like a bunch of nuts, getting homesick heavens knows how long before we're actually going away."

"Just the same," replied Mabel wistfully, "I think the occasion calls for a double chocolate mint soda."

"By jinks, you're right!" exclaimed Lenore suddenly, "We'd better tank up on 'em too. I just remembered reading in the newspaper about a man that'd been in Europe for some time and finally came back to America. And do you know what he did as soon as he got off the boat? He lit out for a drug store and lapped up all the ice cream sodas he could hold. He told the newspaper re-

porters that you can't buy 'em for love or money in Europe. They don't know what they are over there."

"They must be a bunch of ignoramuses," scoffed Mabel derisively. "Come on, let's go over to Halber's. I want to ask him if he can make me some in concentrated form so I can take 'em along with me. As far as I'm concerned, life without sodas isn't worth living."

But Louis Halber, the nervous and harrassed druggist to whom Mabel appealed for aid, was unable to solve her problem. Explaining that the science of pharmacy did not include the formula for making ice cream sodas in concentrated form, he removed his spectacles from his near sighted eyes in order to wipe them clean at the same moment that Dolores asked for a glass of water. A large glass container full of orange syrup had been placed on the soda fountain for display purposes and was so situated that it was immediately in front of the water spigot. In his haste to serve Dolores, the nervous pharmacist neglected to put on his glasses with the result that he grabbed the plunger dispensing orange syrup and thinking it was the water spigot, pulled it toward him, and before Lenore, who saw what was going to happen, could reach out to save the tottering container, there was a resounding crash of glass and Mr. Halber stood behind his soda fountain covered from head to foot in a sticky, clinging flood of syrup. Taking one look at the ludicrous spectacle before them, the five girls forgot their drinks and rent the air with peal after peal of unrestrained

laughter. The accident to the druggist had a stimulating effect on the girls and when they finished their sodas, a few minutes later all feeling of impending nostalgia had vanished from them. Still laughing and giggling over Halber's orange syrup bath, they remained in the store some time after they had finished their drinks, teasing him about it. At approximately the same time, a messenger boy stepped from an elevator on the twenty fifth floor of an office building in New York City and, walking down the corridor, opened a door to one of the offices in which a light was still burning despite the late hour and handed Mrs. Evans' telegram to a dignified appearing, elderly woman seated behind a large mahogany desk. Tearing open the envelope, she scanned its contents quickly and smiled happily to herself.

"I'm glad I waited," she told herself. "There's no one I'd rather see have it than Florence Evans. I'll dictate a letter to her the first thing in the morning. Everything else is all arranged and they'll be able to leave in a few days. Ah me! I wish I were a young girl again."

With a sigh, the woman arose from her swivel chair and putting on her hat, switched off the lights and went home. Back in Oakdale, Lenore, Alice, Mabel, Dolores and Alice left the drug store and continued on their stroll through the quiet streets but with lighter hearts and smoother brows than they had when they first set out from Mrs. Evans' home earlier in the evening.

CHAPTER IV

The next day five very busy Camp Fire girls sat amid a veritable mountain of clothes as they met in Lenore's large, airy bedroom. Needles flew and thread flashed in and out of cloth, transforming slightly outmoded styles into the very latest, chic duplications of Paris creations. Alice, Dolores, Mabel and Anita had brought their sewing over to Lenore's house and as they worked together, many trades were transacted, Mabel giving Anita a dress that had become too tight for her in exchange for a yard or two of material that she could make into a jacket to go with the skirt she was lengthening. So busily were they engaged that they took no heed of the passage of time until, glancing up, Alice's eye fell on the onyx encased clock on Lenore's bureau.

"Holy herrings!" she exclaimed, jumping to her feet, "I had no idea it was so late. Its five thirty. I've got to go or suffer the consequences when I do get home."

Gathering up her material, Alice prepared to leave as the other girls followed her example when suddenly the telephone rang and a moment later Mrs. Rivers called upstairs to her daughter.

"Its for you, Lenore," she announced from the foot of the stairs. "I think its Mrs. Evans."

"Hurry!" shouted Mabel. "Maybe she received an answer to that telegram she sent last night."

But Lenore needed no urging from Mabel to hasten. Her mother had barely finished speaking when she was on her way downstairs, calling over her shoulder to the others to wait until she found out what Mrs. Evans' message was.

"Yes," the others heard her say, "Yes, they're all here. We've been sewing all afternoon. What? Not really! But so soon! Ooh, I'm so thrilled! Of course I'll tell 'em. Alright. We'll be over, right after supper but I don't see how I'm going to be able to wait that long, much less eat any supper. Alright. Thanks for calling. Goodbye."

Replacing the receiver on the hook, she turned to relay the information she had just received to the others but they had heard enough to guess what the full import of the message was and no sooner had she finished speaking to the Camp Fire guardian, than she was besieged on all sides with anxious questions. But Lenore could only tell her eager friends what they had already divined from overhearing her conversation with Mrs. Evans. A reply had come, via special delivery air mail, to the telegram of assent that Mrs. Evans had dispatched to the National Camp Fire Headquarters last night but she refused to divulge its contents to Lenore over the telephone since the letter was too lengthy and contained too many details to permit clear understanding without actually reading it. The girls were to meet at their leader's house after supper that night to hear the complete details of their proposed flight around the world and Mrs. Evans had told Lenore that they were to leave soon but

did not mention any definite date. Nevertheless, the girls were highly elated with the information and as they left Lenore's house, they hastened to enlist their mothers' assistance in completing the remodeling of their wardrobes in time to be ready to leave Oakdale on short notice. Supper was a very hasty and barely tasted meal for the five girls that evening, so anxious and eager were they to rush to the home of Mrs. Evans to learn more of their impending adventure. Usually, no matter what important project was afoot for the girls, be it a party or a Camp Fire meeting, their after supper household chores were done first, nor did they ever try to beg off but tonight was an exception and their mothers, noting their daughters' nervousness and knowing full well what was going on in their minds excused them this evening not only because they knew they were anxious to go over to their leader's house as soon as possible but, as Mrs. Brooks expressed it, they would probably break more dishes than they would wash in their haste to be finished in the least possible time. Barely taking time to tidy up, the girls raced from their respective homes to Halber's drug store, their usual place of rendezvous from where they proceeded at top speed to the home of Mrs. Evans with the result that they arrived there while she and her husband were still at their evening meal. A partial view of the Evans' dining room was obtainable from the street and as the girls saw their leader and her husband seated at the supper table as they approached, they quietly tip-toed

up on the porch and waited, despite their anxiety, until the meal was over, not wishing to disturb her during supper. Although the Evans' were having their dessert when the girls arrived, to them it seemed an eternity before Mr. Evans, rising from the table, came out on the porch where he discovered the fidgeting, squirming girls.

"Well, look who's here!" he greeted, lighting a cigar, "the famous 'round the world flyers of Oakdale. Rather early tonight, aren't you?"

"I hope we didn't disturb you at your supper," apologized Alice. "We saw you were still at the table when we came, so we thought we'd wait out here until you were through."

"That was nice but unnecessary," smiled Mr. Evans. "You could have come in. Have you been waiting long?"

"About five minutes," replied Lenore glancing at her wrist watch, "but it seemed like five years. Is Mrs. Evans through supper yet?"

"Yes," laughed Mr. Evans, "she'll be out in a minute. She just went upstairs to wash her dirty face. She wasn't expecting you so soon but she might have known you'd be camping out here as soon as she phoned."

"Well," replied Mabel, "can you blame us for being anxious? I suppose if you were in our place, you wouldn't give a hoot."

"On the contrary," grinned Mr. Evans as his wife, hearing the sound of the girls' voices, came out on the porch. "I'd give several very loud and joyous hoots."

"You're owlsh enough without hooting," smiled Mrs. Evans, "hello, girls, I'm glad you came this early tonight because you're all going home in a little while to pack and go to bed. We're taking the six o'clock train for New York tomorrow morning."

Instantly the peace and quiet of the neighborhood was shattered. Cheer after cheer went up from the five girls as they hailed their leader's announcement. Her efforts to stem the prolonged vociferations of the girls proving to be of no avail, Mrs. Evans was forced to wait until they had almost shouted themselves hoarse while puzzled and indignant neighbors craned their necks from porches and windows to find out what all the noise was about. Finally, realizing that the longer they shouted, the longer they would have to wait to hear further details, the girls quieted down. Meantime Mrs. Evans had gone into the house and returned with the letter received but a few hours ago from Camp Fire Headquarters in New York.

"We are to visit the following countries," she announced, referring to the letter for the names, "England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, India, China and Japan, returning home over the Pacific Ocean. We will be gone practically all summer since our instructions are to spend approximately a week in each country. But sit down and I'll read the letter to you."

Throwing themselves onto the swing and whatever chairs were convenient, the girls listened

with wide eyes and baited breath while their leader read the letter to them.

"Dear Mrs. Evans," (she read) "Your wire of acceptance received and the writer wishes to take this opportunity to personally congratulate you and your splendid group of girls and to extend every wish for a pleasant and happy journey. The itinerary of your flight will include England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, India, China and Japan in the order named. An airplane will of course be at your disposal for the entire trip, arrangements for which have been already made. A week spent in each country, establishing Camp Fire groups where there are none and co-operating with the leaders of those already established, will suffice. Further instructions in this matter will be given you and your girls upon your arrival at this office. Enclosed herewith are the necessary railroad tickets for your transportation to New York. If, for any reason, you find it impossible to leave tomorrow advise us at once and return the tickets to your railroad agent who will exchange them for tickets on a later train. However, we would much appreciate it if matters could be so arranged as to enable you and the girls to entrain for New York tomorrow morning (Monday) so that you will arrive at the Grand Central station at approximately four A.M. Tuesday morning. This will also enable you to go to the New Yorkshire hotel where we have made reservations for you, and freshen up a bit after your long trip before reporting here. Should

you accept our suggestion, please be at this office not later than ten o'clock Tuesday morning. We are looking forward to having you all day Tuesday as our personal guests. We have engaged Mr. Eugene Kelly, internationally known aviator and war hero as pilot and Mr. Clarence McManus as navigator. Both these gentlemen have established enviable reputations for themselves in aviation and we are certain you will be perfectly safe in their capable hands. They have selected a five hundred horsepower tri-motored Sikorsky cabin 'plane and advise us that no more than fifty pounds of baggage per person will be allowed. You will, therefore, govern yourselves in this respect accordingly. Passports, government permits and all other necessary details have already been taken care of and it only remains for you and your girls to arrive here and begin your trip. Looking forward to the pleasure of greeting you on your arrival here Tuesday morning we are, with best personal regards,

Very truly yours,

National Camp Fire Headquarters, Inc.

"I bet a nickel we don't go," announced Anita impishly as Mrs. Evans finished reading the letter. "If we can't take more than fifty pounds of baggage, they'll call the whole thing off when they see Mabel."

"Either that," replied Mabel calmly, "or, in order not to spoil the trip for the rest of us, we can leave such excess baggage as you right here in Oakdale."

"We haven't time to go into details as to what

constitutes excess baggage," smiled Mrs. Evans, "but I think one average size suit case apiece will be about all we can take. Beside sufficient stockings, lingerie and handkerchiefs, I believe 2 dark serviceable travelling dresses, a sports dress or suit, a medium weight, warm coat and a raincoat, a warm sweater and two comfortable pairs of shoes will be enough for our needs aside from the necessary toilet articles and perhaps our bathing suits. Of course, cameras and binoculars, if you have them, will be welcome additions. Now, are there any questions?"

Immediately an excited chatter of voices broke out as the girls bombarded their leader with query after query until she was forced to hold up her hand for silence.

"Hold on," she laughed, "one at a time. Remember, we can't stay here all night. As soon as I've answered your questions, if I can, you're all going home, pack your bags and go to bed. And by the way, we meet at the railroad station at a quarter of six tomorrow morning which means that we'll have to get up at five if we want to catch the train. It's eight o'clock now. If you leave here now and go right home, you should be packed and in bed by nine which will give you your necessary and accustomed eight hours sleep."

"How long will it take us to get to New York?" asked Lenore. "Leaving here at six and getting there at four in the morning doesn't sound like such a hot idea. We'll be all knocked out when we get there."

"Well," replied Mrs. Evans, "its two hours from here to Chicago by train, as you know, and from Chicago to New York requires about twenty hours but the monotony will be broken somewhat by changing trains. We change at Chicago first for a train to Cleveland and at Cleveland we take a sleeper to New York. That way, the ride won't seem so long and we'll have a chance to stretch our legs occasionally."

"What about money?" asked Alice. "Will we have to take any along or does Headquarters pay for everything?"

"Everything pertaining to the trip, such as meals, hotel bills and the like will, of course, be paid for by Headquarters. I don't know what sort of arrangements they've made for that," answered Mrs. Evans, "possibly a letter of credit but I know they will be financially responsible for everything except purely personal expenses. That is, if you see something you want to buy, you'll pay for it out of your own pockets."

"And if you are taking any money along," suggested Mr. Evans, "have it changed to traveler's cheques as soon as you get to New York. They're better than carrying actual cash while abroad because in case you lose them or are robbed, they're worthless to another person. You see, you sign them once at the bank where you get them and again when you cash them, making it impossible for any one else to use them unless they have both signatures. They're acceptable all over the world, no matter where you go."

CHAPTER V

The trip from Oakdale to New York was uneventful but the girls enjoyed every minute of it. Lower berths had been engaged from Cleveland to New York but it was some time before the travellers finally fell asleep and only then because they were unable to force their eyes open any longer. Even in the darkness of their berths, they had kept their eyes glued to the windows, fascinated by the countless colored lights that continually flashed past them. When the train stopped occasionally at some station, they watched the activity of the depot as though they were beholding the people and sights of a new world. Even the most common and ordinary occurrence took on, for them, the romance and glamour of unreality and when at one station, the police arrested a man just as he was about to board the train, even the usually calm and unruffled Mabel felt the shiver of chills run up and down her spine. But finally Nature exacted her payment for the excitement of the day and one by one, the girls dropped off to sleep nor did they wake again until the train was speeding through the vast railroads yards just outside the limits of the largest city in the world and the Negro porter went through the car gently waking and informing sleepy

passengers that their destination had been reached. The girls had barely finished washing and dressing when the conductor came through the car to make sure everyone was up and dressed and ready to leave and a few minutes later the train glided to a gentle stop in the Grand Central Terminal in New York City. Although it was four o'clock in the morning the large railroad station was teeming with life and as the girls, after alighting from the train, made their way through the vast building to the street they stopped in awe and admiration as they watched the first bright streaks of day bathe the tall spires of the city in a rosy glow. The dizzy heights of the Chrysler building and the metallic glitter from the top of the Chanin Tower as the rising sun was reflected from it in a thousand dazzling lights and colors made the wonder-struck girls actually gasp for breath.

"Golly," breathed Mabel as she gazed around her, "and I thought Chicago was a big city!"

"It is," laughed Mrs. Evans, "but there isn't another city in the world to compare with New York. You'll find that out for yourself before the day is over."

"I'm finding it out right now," replied Alice, wide eyed. "Just look at those enormous buildings! I've never seen anything like it."

"Huh, them ain't nothin', Miss," chuckled one of the Red Caps who had carried their luggage from the train to the street. "Wait'll you all sees the Empire State buildin'. Ma'am, that

there buildin's so dawggone high you all ain't gwine t' believe it when you *does* see it!"

Laughing over the porter's exaggerated statement, the girls piled into a waiting taxi while their baggage was placed in a space especially provided for that purpose next to the driver. Despite the early hour, vehicular traffic was heavy but with the adroitness born of years of experience, the driver sent his cab weaving and darting in and out of the perplexing maze of other machines and in a few minutes stopped in front of the New Yorkshire hotel where reservations had been made by the Executive Secretary of the National Camp Fire Organization for Mrs. Evans and the girls. A suite of three rooms, had been engaged and it was Mrs. Evans' thought to induce the girls to lie down and rest until it was time to go to the Camp Fire Headquarters but they were far too excited over their adventure to even think of such a thing and so, after bathing and changing their clothes, the highly elated group set forth in search of more tall buildings and breakfast. The former were all around them and the latter was obtained in a large, cool, white tiled restaurant a few blocks away from the hotel. It was six a.m. and the life of the city was in full swing and as the girls watched from the large windows of the restaurant as they ate it seemed as though the people had suddenly sprung up out of the sidewalks. The pavements were choked with masses of hurrying, rushing humanity and the traffic lanes appeared to be one solid block of closely packed machines. Subway

entrances and exits were continually swallowing and disgorging a steady stream of people who acted as though their very lives depended on getting in and out of the underground railway system. Overhead came the rumble and roar of the elevated trains and from the street came the deafening din of the constantly increasing traffic. It had been comfortably cool when the girls first stepped into 42nd street from the Grand Central station but as the sun rose above the tall buildings and the streets became jammed with people, the day began to become unbearably hot. Leaving the artificially cooled restaurant the girls intended to mix with the throng and explore, as much as they could but they soon changed their minds about that, when the hot, sultry air struck their faces and the rushing torrent of people pushed and jostled them around, knocking their hats over their eyes.

"Golly," gasped Mabel, "lets get out of this. I'm no football player."

"You could be," giggled Anita as she clutched at the awning frame in front of the restaurant to save herself from being bowled over, "you've got the weight for it."

"Lets go back to the hotel," suggested Mrs. Evans, "there's no sense in our struggling around in this for four hours and besides, it'll be our only chance to drop a line to the folks back home. We promised we'd write, remember?"

"Gosh, that's right," exclaimed Lenore. "I promised Mom I'd send her a wire as soon as we got here."

"So did I," replied Alice as the others made similar statements of promises given parents before leaving, "but where on earth are we going to find a telegraph office around here?"

"We don't have to look for one," smiled Mrs. Evans, "we can send them from the hotel."

Arriving back at the hotel, the girls stopped at the counter maintained by the telegraph company in the lobby of the hotel, dispatched their messages and, stepping into an elevator, were whisked up to the twenty third floor on which their suites were situated. Looking out of the window, Dolores uttered a gasp of astonishment as she looked down into the street below.

"Jiminey crickets!" she cried in astonishment, "look at those people down there! They look like so many flies on a piece of candy."

As the other girls gathered about the window, craning their necks over the sill, Alice drew back with a timorous shudder.

"Whew," she exclaimed, "I've never been up so high before. It makes me dizzy to look down there, I'm afraid I'd want to jump out."

"If you think this is high," scoffed Mabel, "what are you going to do when we're in the air, a couple of thousand feet off the ground?"

"Oh, she'll get used to it," assured Mrs. Evans calmly, "its only the first shock of finding one's self so high up that causes vertigo. It soon passes. I don't think Alice will have any difficulty later on."

Wise in the ways of psychology, Mrs. Evans was planting a mental suggestion in Alice's mind

calculated to overcome her fear of high altitudes. She knew that once the girl was assured by someone whose opinion she respected that the dizzy feeling would wear off in time, Alice would subconsciously master her fear herself, drawing from her leader's suggestion the necessary courage to do so. Busying herself with some task, Mrs. Evans watched covertly as Alice again approached the window and she smiled to herself as she saw the girl re-join the others in gazing down into the street below and remain with the group. Although she knew that Alice was fighting with herself to remain there, she also knew that she would win her fight and when the time came to take off on their flight around the world, Alice would be the complete mistress of herself. Waiting until the timid girl's actions became freer and less self-conscious, Mrs. Evans summoned her charges from the window.

"You'd better get started if you want to write any letters back home," she announced. "I know you have a lot to write about and we've got to leave here in about an hour if we want to get to Headquarters on time. You'll find stationery, pens and ink on the little desks in your rooms. We can buy stamps from the clerk downstairs and mail our letters right here in the hotel so we won't lose any time looking for a mail box, so get busy. We don't want to keep anybody waiting for us.

For the next hour the only sounds heard in the three rooms occupied by the girls was the busy scratching of pens as they flew over page

after page, telling parents and friends of the wonders of New York City, the world's metropolis. Finally Mrs. Evans glanced at her wrist watch and put down her pen.

"Its almost time to go, girls," she called through the open doors of the three connecting rooms. "Either finish your letters now or wait until we get back. And be sure to lock the doors of your rooms when you leave and take the keys with you," she finished. "We'll leave them at the desk downstairs but don't forget your room numbers otherwise you'll have a hard time getting them back when we return. Pull down your window shades too, or else these rooms will be bake ovens tonight."

Taking a taxi from the hotel, the girls were soon on their way to the headquarters of the National Camp Fire Organization where they were to receive complete and detailed instructions concerning their flight around the world in behalf of the interests of the organization of which they were members. The journey from the hotel to headquarters while not a long one in actual distance, took some time due to the abnormally congested traffic and the many and frequent delays it caused. To the girls it seemed as though they were moving by mere inches but they finally arrived at the mammoth office building, several floors of which were occupied by the Camp Fire Organization.

Consulting the building directory in the lobby, Mrs. Evans led the girls into a nearby elevator

marked, "express" just as the operator was about to slide his doors shut.

"Twenty fifth floor, please," she told the young man in charge and, pressing a button, he sent the elevator upward. A few minutes later the girls found themselves and their leader seated around a large mahogany desk listening while Miss Hannah Rosenfeld, Executive Secretary of the National Camp Fire Organization, outlined to them, in a low, well modulated voice, the purpose of the flight and the part they were to play in it.

"We have chosen you five girls," she was saying, "as well as your capable and splendid leader to represent us abroad because of the excellent record you have made for yourselves in Camp Fire work and have proven yourselves useful and intelligent citizens of your community. We have been working on this project for more than a year, carefully analyzing the records of every group in the country and have finally selected you as most completely coming up to our standards in this matter. Now then, here is a list of the various Camp Fire Headquarters in the different countries you are to visit. We are not satisfied with the progress they are making and we want you to spend at least a week with each organization, teaching them our methods, with which we know you are familiar and helping them in every way you can. In those countries where, due to negligence or lack of interest, there are no Camp Fire groups, we want you to be instrumental in organ-

izing them and getting them started. If a charter has already been granted any place but, for some reason or other, there is no activity, as in China, for instance, we want you to find out the reason, remedy it and get the organization going. I realize this sounds like a pretty large order for five girls and one leader but we believe you can do it. That's why we chose you, you know, because of our faith in your ability and I know you will show us that we are not wrong in our assumption. You will send us written reports each week of your progress in each country. Here are letters of introduction and identification which you may present to the American consuls if necessary and we have arranged for a letter of credit for your use while abroad on an internationally known bank so that it will be honored wherever you go. We have also arranged for a machine to pick you up at your hotel at three o'clock tomorrow morning so that you can be at the airport in Newark, New Jersey before four, the time at which you are to take off for Newfoundland, the first stop of your journey. In Newfoundland, the plane will be re-fueled, the motors adjusted and all other necessary arrangements made for your flight across the ocean. We have gone into the matter of trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific flight very carefully and are positive, if properly conducted as this flight, we assure you will be, that it is no more hazardous than travelling by railroad or automobile, despite some opinion to the contrary. Both Mr. Kelly and Mr. McManus, your pilot and navigator

respectively, are thoroughly experienced and capable men and we know you could not be in better or more able hands than theirs. They will be waiting for you at the airport and will take off as soon as you arrive. I will accompany you as far as Newark. Advise me by wire as soon as you land in Newfoundland and again by cable when you reach England, your first stop overseas. In fact, I believe it would be a good idea if you kept in touch with me that way throughout the entire trip. And now, that you know what you are to do, if you have nothing else planned for this afternoon, I would be delighted to have you as my personal guests for the day. I know none of you, with the exception of Mrs. Evans, have ever been in New York before. We shall start at the Aquarium in the Battery and work our way uptown as far as we can go in the time at our disposal. I'll try not to keep you out too late or tire you too much, but you have so much to see and so little time to see it in! Well, let us not waste time by sitting here and talking, although I'm afraid I've done all the talking so far. We'll take the subway as far as Times Square and hire a car from there. The subways here are worth the trip, I'm told, but personally, I don't like them, they're too stuffy."

CHAPTER VI

The girls were thrilled with the novelty of riding in the subway and when their destination was reached, were almost loath to leave the train but Miss Rosenfeld provided still another thrill for the girls, when, reaching Times Square, she deferred hiring a car and took them, instead, a few blocks distant where they boarded an elevated train.

"This train will take us to the Battery," she announced, "so we might as well stay on until we get there, that is, provided you like it. We can hire a car there as well as any place else. What do you say?"

Eagerly the girls agreed. They found riding on the elevated trains much more fun than the subway and more exhilarating despite the fact that the train did not seem to go as fast as the one underground. Catching fleeting glimpses of the interior of offices as they sped past and looking down on the busy turmoil on the streets below, they wondered how those people could stand the continual noise of the rushing, roaring trains.

"This is the nearest I've been to flying so far," laughed Dolores. "I suppose it'll be good training for tomorrow but I don't see how on earth

you New Yorkers manage to stay sane with all this noise. I'd go crazy in a week."

"As to the flying experience," laughed Miss Rosenfeld, "I suppose this will have to suffice but if you think these people in the offices we're passing have to put up with noise, I'll take you down to Delancey street and Cherry street where you can stand under the elevated structure and touch the walls of the buildings on either side with your outstretched arms. Our famous 'push cart row' is down there, too, where you can buy anything from one sardine to a pair of shoes or a suit of clothes from the same push cart."

"Golly," exclaimed Mabel, "a trip around New York sounds almost better than a trip around the world. You certainly see things here that you don't any place else. What else can you tell us about?"

"There are so many things," replied Miss Rosenfeld, "that I hardly know where to begin. I think the best way will be to just wait until we come to them. There'll be plenty of sights for you today. The trouble is, I don't think you'll be able to see a fraction of them. But come on, the next stop is the Battery and the end of the line. If you'll look to your left now, you'll see the United States Customs House. That little park right in front of it is Bowling Green where the early Dutch settlers used to gather to play their favorite game, ten pins. All the office buildings around here from State street on this side to Whitehall on the other and up Broadway to Exchange Place, are occupied by

steamship companies, shipping brokers and other businesses connected with trans-oceanic commerce. From Exchange Place up Broadway as far as Pine street and including the famous Wall street, is the financial district and from Pine to Park Row, especially along Nassau street which runs, for a short distance, parallel to Broadway, you'll find mostly insurance and jewelry companies. Park Row is nothing much of anything now as business districts go but it used to be the location of most of the newspaper offices. But there's no use in my telling you all this now. I'll point the places out as we pass them. Here's the Aquarium. We can't spend much time here, although it's very easy to pass the day without knowing it. We've got too much to do and see to tarry long in any one place and as I said before, I don't want to tire you out. You can see the Statue of Liberty from here but we won't go there. You'll get a close enough view of it from the plane tomorrow."

From the Aquarium, where live fish from all over the world were on display in electrically lighted tanks, Miss Rosenfeld, as she had promised, hired a seven passenger touring car and as they drove up Broadway, she pointed out all the places she had mentioned and more as they continued on their way. Reaching Broadway and 34th street, she directed the driver to go to Fifth avenue where they stopped at a fashionable restaurant for lunch. A nationally known orchestra was playing popular dance tunes

and while waiting for their lunch to be served, the girls danced with each other. From the restaurant, they continued their tour which they re-commenced with a trip to the observation tower of the Empire State building, the world's tallest building. As they gazed over the vast panorama spread below them, they gasped in sheer awe and wonderment at the enchanting spectacle. The entire city of New York with all its boroughs lay at their feet and they could scarcely turn their heads fast enough to see all the wonders that Miss Rosenfeld pointed out to them. The mammoth bridges connecting the boroughs seemed like mere threads between a tiny trickle of water that was the river and the boroughs themselves, Brooklyn, Queens and the rest looked like small maps. The girls could barely tear themselves away from the enthralling scene but they left finally and as they reached the ground again, Alice turned to Mrs. Evans in surprise.

"You were right," she exclaimed. "It did wear off. It just occurred to me that I wasn't a bit dizzy while I was looking down from that tower."

But Mrs. Evans merely smiled and said nothing. The day sped by as though on wings and almost before they knew it, their machine drew up in front of their hotel and Miss Rosenfeld was bidding them goodbye until the next morning when she would again meet them and drive to the airport with them.

Supper was a simple meal for the five girls and their leader that evening and then, in order

to save time, everything was packed save their nightgowns, pajamas and toilet articles that would be needed in the morning and although it was still daylight, the girls crawled into bed and were soon asleep.

"This makes me feel like that kid Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a poem about once," murmured Mabel as a slanting ray of sunlight found its way through a crack in the window blind, "you know, the one that goes,

'In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.'

But only a chorus of regular, gentle breathings answered her and a moment later she was dreaming of flying over Oakdale in an elevated train holding the Empire State building in her lap. To the surprised girls it seemed as though they had been sleeping but five minutes when the telephones in their rooms burst into a loud, insistent clamor. They had left a call at the room clerk's desk to be awakened at two thirty a.m. and the telephone operator was informing them that that hour had struck. Quickly rising, they washed and dressed, completed their packing and fifteen minutes later were sitting around a table in the grill room of the hotel partaking of a light breakfast as they looked about them amazed. All about them, people in formal evening dress were occupying tables or dancing to the playing of the orchestra. Never had they seen such gorgeous gowns as the women were wearing and more than once during the brief time it took to consume their breakfast, their eyes fairly

popped from their heads as some radio, stage or screen luminary, most of whom went from table to table, greeting friends, came into view. It was with some difficulty that Mrs. Evans finally persuaded them to leave since they were to meet Miss Rosenfeld in front of the hotel in a few minutes. Arriving in front of the building just as a large car similar to the one in which they had made their tour of the city drew up to the curb, Mabel picked up her bag and stepped forward preparatory to getting in, thinking that the machine's occupant was Miss Rosenfeld. She saw her mistake too late, however and the next moment collided with a stout, over dressed and very much be-jeweled dowager. Drawing back in outraged dignity as Mabel mumbled a confused apology, the woman lifted a pair of lorgnettes to her eyes with an aristocratic gesture and sweeping the very much embarrassed Mabel from head to foot with an icy stare, snorted indignantly and marched toward the hotel entrance and it was there that the tables turned for Mabel. The dowager was leading a small lap dog by a highly ornamental leash. Snatching up her suitcase, Mabel ran her finger over its smooth, leather surface, producing a noise very much like the meowing of a cat. Picking up its ears at the sound, the dog made a sudden lunge, broke away from his mistress and in a flash had disappeared around the corner. At that moment, the car bearing Miss Rosenfeld came to a halt in front of the hotel and as the girls, laughing over Mabel's trick, climbed in, their

ears were assailed with shriek after shriek as the woman, forgetting her patrician manners, sent the doorman, her chauffeur and several bell boys scurrying in all directions to find her lost pet. As their car drove away, the girls could still hear her screaming and, looking back they saw people, attracted by her calls, come rushing from all directions to ascertain the cause of her distress. Miss Rosenfeld, too, was curious to know what had happened and as Lenore related the incident, for her benefit, she laughed as heartily as the girls. The night was warm and so, instead of driving to New Jersey through the Holland Tunnel, Miss Rosenfeld directed the chauffeur to turn down 42nd street to the ferry docks, explaining to the girls that they need not leave the machine in order to board the boat since they would merely drive onto it, be ferried across the river and drive off when they reached the Jersey side. On the way over, their hostess pointed out the Palisades, looming large on the Jersey coast like an enormous, blank, light-topped wall and the girls gasped in wonderment as they saw the lights of street cars and automobiles slowly winding their way over the seemingly smooth surface of the cliffs.

Leaving the ferry, they were soon speeding through the quiet little town of Newark and fifteen or twenty minutes later the car came to a halt before the administration building of the airport. Passing through the building, the girls came out on the landing field just as an immense airplane was being wheeled from its hangar.

"There it is," announced Miss Rosenfeld, "that's your ship. Come on out and I'll introduce you to Mr. Kelly and Mr. McManus. They're standing over there just inside the hangar, waiting for us."

Seeing the girls, Mrs. Evans and Miss Rosenfeld approach, the men came to meet them. Introductions over, the pilot turned to Mrs. Evans.

"Care to look over the ship before we go?" he asked. "Sort of give you and the girls an idea of what it's all about. It won't take long and we'll have to wait a few minutes anyway until Mac, here, gets his weather reports from Washington. They're sent to us every half hour or so by radio and we'll continue to get 'em that way while we're in the air. Here, you see," he pointed out as the girls and Mrs. Evans climbed into the pilot's compartment after him, "is the radio receiving apparatus and this is our sending set, tuned to the airport here, so you see we can both send and receive messages. These are Mac's charts and instruments that help him plot our course and these are my instruments to tell me how high we are, how fast we're going, what the wind resistance is and so forth. These instruments make night flying possible and safe so don't you worry about anything."

While they were inspecting the airplane, a porter was loading the party's baggage into a special compartment for that purpose in the rear of the plane and presently Mr. McManus, the navigator, approached the ship, drawing on goggles and gloves.

"All set?" he asked. "Let's go. We've got clear

weather all the way ahead and we might as well take advantage of it. Places, everybody and don't stick your heads out of the windows while we're in the air or you'll get 'em torn off by the velocity of the wind. If the weather holds, we ought to be in Newfoundland by ten o'clock."

Shouting goodbyes to Miss Rosenfeld above the roar of the propellers, the excited girls took their seats in the cabin of the plane and the next moment were jerked backward as the plane taxied off down the field. So gentle and gradual was its rise that the girls thought they were still on the ground when Lenore, looking out of the window next to her uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, we're in the air, already!" she cried, "and I didn't feel a thing. Hooray! We're off!"

"I wonder," began Mabel, "if they remembered to stock this ship with provisions? Newfoundland sounds like a long way off."

"You heard Mr. McManus say we'd be there by ten o'clock," replied Mrs. Evans. "If you're hungry then, we can get something to eat there."

"Yes, but what if I get hungry before then?" asked Mabel, dismayed at the prospect of being forced to go without eating for five or six hours.

"Oh, you'll live," assured Anita. "In spite of anything we can do about it. Lindbergh only had a ham sandwich with him when he flew across the Atlantic and he didn't starve to death."

"I know," wailed Mabel, "but I'm not Lindbergh. I wanna eat!"

Amusing themselves by teasing Mabel and one another the girls passed the long hours of the

flight from Newark to Newfoundland. They had been on their way barely an hour when at a cry from Dolores, they pressed their eager faces to the windows to watch the dawn break over the landscape below them, painting everything a roseate hue. Huge masses of pink, billowy clouds floated beneath and all around them and suddenly they squealed with delight as the plane plunged into a cloud formation directly in front of them, diffusing the interior of the cabin with a pink glow. In another instant they had passed through it, flashing out into the sunshine again. As the sun rose higher in the heavens, bathing the plane in its warm, golden radiance, the girls removed the coats and sweaters they had put on at the beginning of the flight and made themselves generally comfortable. A glance at the pilot's instrument board in the compartment ahead showed them, to their amazement that they were two thousand feet in the air and travelling at the breath taking rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, although they scarcely seemed to be moving. On and on they flew and soon, weary with the monotony of the journey, one by one they fell asleep until, with a start, they sprang awake as the plane came to a jarring landing at an airport in Newfoundland. The first leg of their journey was over, and their flight across the Atlantic was about to begin.

CHAPTER VII

Sliding back the glass panel between his compartment and that of his passengers, Pilot Kelly imported a bit of experienced advice to his charges.

"You'll probably find yourselves a bit deaf when you get out," he warned, "but don't let it worry you. If you'll swallow hard a couple of times, you'll equalize the air pressure in your Eustachian tubes so you'll be able to hear again."

"In my what-chian tubes?" asked Anita. "I never knew I had any, whatever they are. Where do I keep 'em, if anyplace?"

"The Eustachian tubes," explained Mrs. Evans, opening the door of the plane, "connect the ears and respiratory system by passing through the throat. When the air pressure in them becomes less than the outside pressure, hearing is made difficult and by swallowing repeatedly as Mr. Kelly just advised us to do, we pump enough air into the tubes to equalize the outer pressure, enabling us to hear again in such cases as this."

"Well what do you know about that?" exclaimed Mabel, "So I have air pumps too."

"Haven't I always told you you were nothing but a bag of wind?" sniffed Dolores.

Mrs. Evans, however, put an end to further arguing by suddenly shutting the cabin door and reaching for her valise.

"Put on your coats and sweaters, girls," she instructed. "Its pretty cold outside."

"Cold?" echoed the others. "Why, this is June and we were sweltering in New York."

"Its still June," laughed their leader, "but this isn't New York, its Newfoundland, some thousand or more miles to the north and as chilly as Oakdale in November. Just take your warm things. I think we can safely leave our valises here. If not, we can come back for them."

Alighting from the plane the girls stood around undecided what to do while Mrs. Evans conferred with their navigator as to the advisability of leaving their baggage in the plane.

"Of course," he assured her, "leave 'em there if you want to, they'll be alright. I think, though, you and the girls had better get yourselves something to eat and something hot to drink. This is our last stop before we land in England and thats about twenty-five hundred miles or more away. We're leaving as soon as the ship is re-fueled and the motors checked. It'll take about an hour but if I were you, I wouldn't leave the landing field. You might get lost and I don't want to delay taking off as soon as possible. This flying weather is too good to last and I want to take advantage of every minute of it. In fact if it keeps up, we'll be able to cut a couple of hours off our time and may-be establish a record. I might as well tell you that Kelly and I took the liberty of taking an official, sealed barograph along for that very purpose."

"Why thats splendid!" cried Mrs. Evans enthusiastically. "I wish you all the success in the

world. The girls will be thrilled when I tell them about it."

"Thanks, awfully," grinned the embarrassed McManus, flustered by the Camp Fire Guardian's sudden outburst. "I-I guess I'll go check up on my weather reports again to make sure. G'bye."

And without further ado, he turned and strode off in the direction of the Weather Bureau's branch office, maintained by governments at all airports.

Taking Mr. McManus' suggestion, the girls and Mrs. Evans walked across the landing field to a little restaurant situated near the administration building. As they were about to enter, Alice's pleasant smile gave way to a worried look and turning to Mrs. Evans, revealed the disconcerting thought that had just struck her.

"I suppose the people here speak and understand some English," she began, "but what are we going to do when we're in Europe? I know a little French, Mabel understands some German and Dolores can speak some Spanish but I don't think we know enough to get by on unless you know all of 'em."

"I'm no linguist," laughed Mrs. Evans, "but I think we'll get along. If we can't, we can always hire an interpreter, you know. Now, lets get our minds off the flight and relax. I know you're all hungry and so am I but I believe it would be wise not to eat too much and bear a little hunger later than to become ill in mid air half way across. This is our only chance, by the way, to buy something to read during the trip, too. I was going to sug-

gest it in New York but we were kept so busy, I'm afraid it escaped my mind entirely. If we each purchase a different book and magazine apiece, we will have plenty to read, since we can exchange with one another as we finish whatever we have read. I don't think the additional weight of a few books and periodicals will make much difference in the plane. I noticed a book stall in the administration building as we passed. We'll go there after lunch and see what we can find. We might be able to pick up a game or two also. Anagrams would be welcome when we've tired of reading or a game of bridge, if they have cards for sale here. In fact, if we map out a program now, I think we'll be in England before we know it. But let's eat now so we can have time to rest a bit before we take off again."

Luncheon over, the girls went over to the administration building where, had it not been for Mrs. Evans' restraining hand, they would have bought almost the entire stock in trade of the little book stall there. As it was, they came away fairly loaded down with packages, books and magazines, many of the latter, being Canadian or British, they had never seen before and were anxious to inspect. Mrs. Evans feared that both the pilot and the navigator would seriously object to the added weight the girls were bringing with them and as she and the girls approached the plane from one direction, she saw both Kelly and McManus come from another but as they met at the plane, neither one said anything about the packages with which the girls' arms were filled except to comment that

they were rather well provided with time-killers to make the long trip seem shorter.

"I was going to send Mac back to play tiddle-de-winks with you or help you with your knitting or something," grinned Kelly eyeing the packages, "but I guess he'll have a job keeping me at the stick instead!"

"Don't pay any attention to him," McManus advised the amused girls, "he's just an empty headed giggolo. I've got to keep my eye on him all the time or else there's no telling what he'll do. Why once, during the war while we were flying over the enemy's lines, he saw a girl walking across a field and I'll be a boiled rattlesnake if I didn't have to shoot at him to keep him from following her in his plane."

"The only reason he shot at me," replied Kelly with a grin, "was because he's so blame cock-eyed he thought I was an enemy dirigible. Why, if I'd followed his charts on this trip, we'd be someplace in South America by now."

"Well I wish you had, then," replied Mabel, with a shiver. "It's too cold up here to suit me. When do we start for merry old England?"

"In about fifteen minutes," answered McManus. "If you're cold, why don't you get into the ship? The cabin is heated and we'll be on our way soon anyhow. The motors are all checked and they're filling the last of the tanks now."

"I don't see what the idea was in coming up here first anyhow," remarked Lenore. "Why couldn't we have flown straight over from New York?"

"Because," smiled Kelly, "the distance across the ocean is shorter from here and the route, altitudes and weather conditions are already known, which means a great deal in aviation. You see, there are no landmarks or beacon lights to go by over the Atlantic and the only way we can keep our course is by instruments and charts. I watch the instruments and Mac watches the charts."

Settled in the warm cabin, the girls soon removed their wraps and busied themselves in arranging the interior to their liking before the take-off. The large, comfortable, leather upholstered swivel chairs fixed to the floor along either side of the cabin were tilted at lounging angles and the girls found, by experimentation that they could be turned so as to face the interior, thus enabling them to face each other should they want to play bridge which they could do by piling their suit cases on the floor, making a table of them. Finally all was in readiness, the mammoth gas tanks were filled to capacity, the three giant motors were in as perfect mechanical condition as possible, the wings tested for strength and durability and the entire plane gone over inch by inch for the slightest flaw or sign of weakness. Mrs. Evans, true to her promise, had dispatched a message to Miss Rosenfeld in New York while the girls had written and mailed post cards to their parents and friends in Oakdale. Nothing more remained to be done.

Kelly and McManus climbed into their seats in the front of the plane and while Kelly turned on the ignition and called to the field attendants to

whirl the propeller, thus starting one of the motors (the other two could be started while in flight) McManus turned around and waved the girls and Mrs. Evans to their seats lest they be thrown to the floor when the plane started its taxi down the field. Making sure the door was securely closed, Mrs. Evans looked around her to see that all the girls were seated and then sat down herself as, with a mighty roar, the propeller caught and Pilot Kelly allowed his motor to warm up before signalling to the attendants to remove the large wooden blocks under the wheels that kept the plane from moving before the pilot was ready to release it. Suddenly the girls saw Kelly wave his arm above his head at which four men, two on either side of the plane, picked up the ropes connected to the blocks and with a quick jerk, pull them away. Instantly the roar of the propeller increased in volume and the plane sprang forward like a live thing. Slowly and gracefully it rose into the air and as they circled the field, the girls looked down at the last sight of land they would see for many hours.

Swinging in great spirals, the ship rose steadily upward until, having gained the desired altitude, some two thousand feet, Kelly pointed the nose of the plane eastward and a few minutes later the girls found themselves winging over the water while the land rapidly faded behind them. They had been on their way for some hours, each girl absorbed in the book she had purchased when Mabel slyly put down her volume and, reaching under her seat, brought forth a basket that she had some-

how or other managed to smuggle aboard without detection. Her action, however, did not go unnoticed by Mrs. Evans who looked up from her book and caught the girl's eye. As Mabel lowered her lids before the gaze of her Guardian, a guilty blush over-spread her round cheeks and she held the basket on her lap as though undecided what to do with it. Mrs. Evans said nothing.

"Aw gee," the embarrassed girl finally blurted out, "I knew I'd be hungry and I didn't want you to have a skeleton on your hands by the time we got to Europe. This is nothing more than a snack I had the girl at the restaurant fix up. I told her to put in enough stuff for all of us and I guess she did, alright."

At the sound of Mabel's voice, the others looked up and as she finished speaking, Mrs. Evans burst into peal after peal of merry laughter, all of which was very puzzling until Lenore's glance fell on the food laden basket Mabel was holding in her lap.

"Oh, thats it," she exclaimed. "We might have known she'd do something like that and taken the proper precautionary steps, only I'm glad we didn't. I'm getting hungry."

Weak from laughter, Mrs. Evans lay back limply in her chair.

"Mabel Chapman," she gasped, "never in all my life have I seen a facial expression to equal yours just now! If you can imagine the look on a whipped puppy's face combined with that of a starving child's, you'll have an idea of what you looked like. Oh, girls, you should have seen

it! It was too priceless to have missed. On our way home, our first stop after we cross the Pacific, will be Los Angeles and I actually think it would be worth while to take Mabel to Hollywood. She ought to be in the movies if she can make faces like that. I never knew she had it in her."

"I haven't anything in me, that's the trouble," sighed Mabel wistfully. "Shall we eat now or would you like me to sit here and make more faces for you? The Camp Fire Girl's slogan is "Give Service," you know."

"We'll eat!" chorused the girls, putting aside their books, "and besides," finished Anita, "the face you've got is bad enough without trying to make it worse. Break out the rations, I'm starving."

"Flying does improve one's appetite," remarked Alice. "I fear for Europe's food supply. By the way, how about inviting Mr. Kelly and Mr. McManus to join us? I know they can't leave their posts but they can help themselves from the basket if we hand it over to them. They're probably just as hungry as we are, I guess."

At a nod from Mrs. Evans, Mabel took the basket and going forward to the head of the cabin, slid back the glass panel that separated the two compartments and handed the basket to McManus who accepted it eagerly with a grin. The roar of the motors made conversation between them impossible but the navigator understood Mabel's gesture and after taking some sandwiches, two pieces of cake and some fruit for himself

and Kelly, he handed the basket back to her but before she returned with it to the others, Mabel reached to the bottom of it and brought forth a large thermos bottle full of hot coffee and handing it to the surprised and highly elated McManus, indicated he was to share it with his partner, since she had two more such bottles for herself and the others. Returning to her seat while Mrs. Evans and Dolores piled three or four of the suit cases one on top of the other in the center of the cabin, Mabel placed the basket on the thus improvised table and the girls fell to with a will but so well had Mabel provided for herself and her friends, that even after the girls and Mrs. Evans had eaten all they wanted, there was still enough left over for another meal. Carefully repacking the basket, Mrs. Evans found a cooler spot in the cabin than its original resting place under Mabel's seat and placed the food stuff there, lest it should spoil by the time they were ready to partake of it again. Taking up their books again after lunch, the girls tried to resume their reading but their substantial repast had a drooping effect on their eyelids and soon books slid from relaxed hands and weary heads drooped as one by one the girls and Mrs. Evans dropped off to sleep. On and on the plane roared its way over the broad Atlantic. Afternoon gave way to evening and evening became night but still the tired girls slept on. Far below them tiny blobs of light appeared for a moment and then vanished again as the clouds obscured them from view. They

were the deck lights of a giant ocean liner two days out from New York. As McManus saw them, he consulted his charts and weather instruments and then, picking up the microphone through which he and Kelly were able to communicate with each other despite the roar of the motors, he spoke into it, handing the pilot a pair of binoculars as he did so.

"Look over the side, Gene," he directed, "that's the Bremen down there taking the North Atlantic route. She's two days out and we're ten hours out. Give'er the gas, boy, and we'll make the last trans-Atlantic record look like a telephone number!"

Pilot Kelly needed no further urging. Handing the binoculars back to his navigator, he pushed a lever and the plane leaped forward at increased speed. Faster and faster they flew while McManus made rapid calculations on a piece of paper that one of the sandwiches had been wrapped in. Suddenly he grabbed the microphone again.

"Keep it up, old son," he cried exultantly, "and we'll beat everybody else into England by two hours."

Grinning, Kelly nodded in reply and both men settled down to the gruelling task of keeping the plane on its course at top speed.

Peacefully the girls and Mrs. Evans slept on, stretched out in the leather swivel chairs, their feet resting on their suit cases which they had placed in front of them for that purpose, blissfully unaware of their part in the epoch making, record breaking flight on which they were pas-

sengers. As the plane roared on through the night, the first red streaks of a new day filtered in through the cabin windows. Their flight across the Atlantic was half over and they had slept through most of it. If Navigator McManus' calculations were correct, that afternoon would see them on English soil,

CHAPTER VIII

Yawning and stretching, the girls woke to find the sun well above them and the plane steadily roaring on over the ocean. The leftovers in Mabel's basket provided a welcome breakfast which they shared with the haggard Kelly and McManus who had had only a few hours sleep each so far during the entire flight. Dirty and grimy from their long confinement in the cabin, the girls began to become restless, a problem Mrs. Evans soon solved by suggesting the games they had purchased the morning before in Newfoundland and the girls were soon deeply absorbed in the various pastimes. So the rest of the morning passed and the afternoon wore on and still only the trackless ocean below and the clear, blue sky above and all around them were the only sights that met the gaze of the girls as they glanced, from time to time out of the windows of the plane. Just as Dolores was seriously considering snatching up the backgammon board she was playing on with Anita and hurling it through a window, McManus turned in his seat and sliding back the glass panel called to the girls.

"Look ahead, everybody!" he fairly shouted. "We're in sight of land! Unless I'm off in my figuring, that's England over there in the distance.

Come up here to the head of the plane. You can see it better from here. Whooppee!"

Shouting and laughing, the girls scrambled to the fore part of the cabin and craning their necks over the shoulders of Kelly and McManus were able to discern a dim, white outline of something far in the distance. Handing his binoculars to Mrs. Evans, the navigator imparted further information.

"We'll land there in about an hour and a half," he informed her as the binoculars passed from one eager pair of hands to another, "and when we do, we'll have broken all records for flying across the Atlantic by several hours. You're going to have your pictures in the papers and reporters and news reel photographers in your hair. The best thing for you and the girls to do is duck into a taxi as soon as we land and light out for a hotel. Gene and I'll handle the rest. We've been through it before and you'll be safely out of the way when our barograph is opened and they've found out we've broken the world's records higher than we flew."

As the girls eagerly and excitedly scanned the horizon, the white chalk cliffs of Falmouth became more and more visible as the plane flew nearer and nearer to their destination and it was with some difficulty that Mrs. Evans persuaded them to return the binoculars to McManus and tidy up the cabin and have their luggage in readiness for leaving. Opening her own bag, she gave each girl her passport and warned them not to tarry at the airport lest some one, recog-

nizing the plane as being American and privately owned and noting the direction from which they had dropped out of the skies, would immediately and correctly guess that they had just flown over the ocean and bring down the usual mob of curious people together with representatives of the British press, both of which Mrs. Evans desired to avoid. They were almost over England before Pilot Kelly began to lose altitude and then, in great, sweeping circles, he began to swoop down as the fascinated girls watched the picturesque countryside of England rush up to meet them and a moment later they were bumping over the landing field at Croydon while airport attendants ran out to meet the incoming plane. Swinging open the door of the cabin, a smartly uniformed attendant assisted Mrs. Evans and the girls to alight while several porters standing nearby took their baggage and started off across the field to the building at the other end. Following them, Mrs. Evans outlined her plans for their stay in England.

"We'll go to a hotel at once," she began when Mabel interrupted.

"Which one?" she asked, "the American House," naming the only hotel in Oakdale, "or the New Yorkshire?"

"Neither," laughed Mrs. Evans, "we're going to the hotel Metropole in London. I took the trouble to look up the names before we left. After we wash up and refresh ourselves, we'll have supper, only they call it dinner over here and then, if you're not too tired, we'll go sight-

seeing. But first, I think we had all better send our cablegrams to the folks back home. They'll be worried and anxious, you know and if we send them now," she finished, laughing, "maybe they'll reach Oakdale in time for Mr. Martin to get out one of his famous extra editions of the Courier, with our names in big type upside down all over the front page as he did when we came back from Caliban Island last fall, remember?"

After sending their messages, the girls and Mrs. Evans presented their passports to the official in the administration building and had all they could do to keep from laughing aloud as they noticed his startled expression when he saw that they had flown across the Atlantic instead of, as he thought, arriving across the English Channel from France on the regular and established air line plying between those two countries. But he was given no opportunity to bring a crowd down around them. As soon as he had stamped their passports, the girls snatched them up and were gone in the twinkling of an eye, scrambling into the first cab they saw but as they drove away they saw, on looking back, that news of their arrival was spreading rapidly as people came running from all directions to look after them. Turning around in their seats again, Lenore looked ahead of her as the cab swung out into the busy traffic lanes and suddenly threw her arm up before her face and ducked.

"Stop!" she screamed, "stop! Are you crazy? Do you want to kill us? Get over to the other side where you belong before we're hit!"

Puzzled and alarmed, the driver stopped his car and looked around while the girls and Mrs. Evans sought to quiet the alarmed Lenore and discover the reason for her fright.

"Wot's the matter?" asked the cab driver with the characteristic rising inflection of the Cockney. "Don't yer feel well, Mum?"

"I'm alright," shouted the enraged Lenore, "but you won't be if you keep on driving to the left like that!"

As Lenore spoke a slow grin overspread the wizened features of the driver and he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Yer from H'america then, I tyke it?" he asked.

"Why yes," answered Mrs. Evans, "but what has that to do with driving on the wrong side of the street?"

"Well y'see, h'its this way, Mum," explained the amused driver. "H'in H'america, as I h'understands h'it, right is right h'and lef' is lef' but 'ere h'in H'england, things is different, so they are. 'Ere lef' is right h'and right's lef' wen yer drivin', s'elp me. Just watch the other cars now h'and see for yerselves."

As the amazed girls looked, they saw that the driver was indeed correct in his explanation and another thing they noticed with surprise was that the steering wheels on all automobiles were on the right of the car instead of on the left as is the case with American machines. Proceeding on their way, the girls soon found themselves driving through the heart of London, through Picadilly Circus, the center of London's night

life, up one street and down another until at length they came to a halt before a large hotel, directly across from Trafalgar Square. Springing out, the driver opened the door for them while the doorman took their luggage. Stepping out, the girls following her, Mrs. Evans turned to the driver.

"How much do we owe you?" she asked opening her purse.

"Oh, a bob'll do h'it," replied the driver, glancing at his meter.

"A bob?" repeated Mrs. Evans, surprised. "What on earth is that? How much is it in American money?"

"A bob's a bob, Mum," answered the perplexed driver, "ow should h'I know 'ow much h'it h'is h'in H'american money?"

"Oh dear," sighed Mrs. Evans, "now what are we going to do?"

"Ere," suggested the driver, "h'I'll tyke yer to the bloomin' H'american H'express office. They'll chynge yer money for yer."

So, climbing back into the cab, after instructing the doorman to check their bags in the hotel for them, the girls and Mrs. Evans rode a few blocks down the street to the American Express office where Mrs. Evans secured not only English money in exchange for her American dollar bills, but a list showing the comparative values of foreign money with American. Returning to the hotel again, they paid the driver, registered at the hotel and immediately upon entering their rooms began unpacking and preparing themselves for

a thorough cleaning up. Luxuriating in the warm comfort of the public bath tubs since few hotels in Europe have rooms with private baths the girls thought with pleasant anticipation of the leisurely trip through most of Europe that lay before them and wondered what the English Camp Fire Girls, if there were any, would be like when they met them. Later, after dressing and writing letters that were full of the wonders of airplane travel and the hugeness of London as seen from the air, they went down to the vast, crystal hung dining room of the hotel and ate their first English meal, consisting of kidney pudding, baked potatoes and tea with genuine Devonshire clotted cream for dessert. At first Mabel was rather wary of the strange sounding British dishes but a taste or two soon convinced her that that was precisely what she had been missing all her life and never knew it, as she told the others between mouthfuls. Supper over, the girls and Mrs. Evans immediately set out to see as much of London as they could before dark. Stepping out into the busy street, however, they were at a loss which way to turn or where to go and as they watched the heavy traffic flow past them they feared to venture out in it lest they become hopelessly lost. After a brief conference, it was decided to take the first bus that came along and let it take them where it would. As one appeared, marked 'Wormwood Scrubbs', the girls and their leader stepped to the curb to meet it but the bus kept on going, ignoring their signals for it to stop as did the

next one, marked 'Hornsey Rise' and another bearing a sign, 'Crouch End.' Not knowing where the regular bus stop was and knowing that if they stopped someone on the street to make inquiries, they would be asked which bus they wished to take which was more than any of them knew, they decided to walk back to the American Express company's offices again for information. Arriving there, they were told that the best way to see London in a short time was to avail themselves of either a private guide, which the office could furnish or else they could take one of the many sight seeing busses, the latter costing them about two shillings or fifty cents apiece while the services of a guide would be much higher. Choosing the sight seeing bus, they were told where to board it and soon they were rolling through the streets of London, past quaint old Soho, the Greenwich Village of London, skirting the Limehouse section, catching a glimpse of the vast East India docks, rumbling over famous old London Bridge, seeing Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, the Tower of London where the Crown Jewels are kept, rolling up almost to the very door of the Old Curiosity Shop immortalized by Dickens, in short, seeing almost everything of interest in that most interesting of cities where ancient theatres rub elbows with modern night clubs and signs, centuries old, still hang over shops just as old, depicting a Crown and Bells, for instance, thus designating the shop as being at the sign of the Crown and Bells, for when those signs were made, only the

clergy could read and the people had to depend on pictures in order to know one place from the other. It was rather late when the tired girls and Mrs. Evans alighted from the sight seeing bus a few blocks from their hotel some hours later but instead of going directly up to their rooms upon reaching the hotel, they lingered in the lobby listening in fascinated silence to the pleasant English drawl, clear diction and almost perfect pronunciation used by those around them. Finally, however, they began to stifle yawns and a few minutes later were on their way up to bed, falling asleep almost as soon as their heads touched the pillows. Although the girls slept late, Mrs. Evans was up early the next morning to begin the work on which she and the girls had been sent. Before leaving New York, Miss Rosenfeld had given the Camp Fire Guardian a list of names of women in the various countries they were to visit and with whom she was to cooperate in establishing and increasing the meagre memberships of the Camp Fire groups. The woman she was to call on in England, according to her list, was Mrs. Andrew Gray and as Mrs. Evans consulted the telephone book for her number, she wondered if she would have any difficulty in securing her assistance, without which their purpose would be almost defeated at the outset. So tenaciously do the English cling to their old customs and traditions that modern inventions, in some cases, actually suffer as is the case with the telephone system there. Before the telephone was introduced, they com-

municated with one another by letter or note, using the mails when there was no hurry and employing a messenger when there was. The telephone came but, with the exception of some business houses, the English still stuck to their messenger and mail method of communication with the result that, unlike the United States, telephones are not so widely in use there nor is the system as efficiently developed. Unable, therefore, to find Mrs. Gray listed in the directory, Mrs. Evans, having her address, determined to call on her that morning with a view to getting things started as soon as possible. Waking the girls, she announced her intention of visiting Mrs. Gray at once and gave them their choice of remaining at the hotel until she returned or accompanying her on her mission. Unanimously the girls voted to go with their leader. English breakfasts were another revelation to the girls for, instead of their accustomed orange juice, cereal or eggs and milk they were offered what to them was a noonday lunch consisting of steak, fried potatoes, tea and crumpets with jam. Even Mabel was taken aback when confronted with the menu as they sat around a table in the hotel dining room but hers was an adventurous spirit, especially where food was concerned and so, turning to the waiter, she set an example for the others by ordering a regular full size, British breakfast from steak to jam. No one, save Mabel, ate half the generous portions served them but she finished her meal with gusto, topping it off with an extra order of crumpets and jam. Taking

a cab from the hotel, Mrs. Evans gave the driver Mrs. Gray's address and as they left the business district and drove through one of the many residential parts of London, the girls exclaimed with delight as they passed along street after street of quaint little English houses, each boxed in by its own hedgerows and each with its row of flower pots standing before closely curtained windows. Mrs. Gray lived in one of a small group of houses surrounded by a garden and known as Cheswick Court and it was there that the cab drew up to the curb. Asking the driver to wait, since she did not know if Mrs. Gray was home or not, Mrs. Evans led the girls to number 49, the house in which the object of their visit lived. Mrs. Gray proved to be a pleasant, merry little woman with a soft Scotch burr in her voice and a happy twinkle in her dancing brown eyes and as Mrs. Evans began to introduce herself and the girls she held up a restraining hand and beckoned them into her neat little house with the other, laughing merrily.

"No need to tell me who ye are!" she smiled. "Ye're the Camp Fire Girls from America that flew over here yesterday, aren't ye? I knew it!" she laughed as very much puzzled Mrs. Evans and the girls admitted their identity in connection with their trans-Atlantic flight. But Mrs. Gray gave them no chance for questions, waving them to seats, she chirped gayly on, reminding the completely won over girls of a very busy and bright eyed canary as her bobbed

head went from side to side in quick, bird like movements.

"Evidently, ye haven't seen the papers yet," she went on, "else ye'd ken how I knew ye the minute I laid eyes on ye. T'was that and a letter I had from Camp Fire headquarters in America. I know what ye've come for, lass," she finished laying her hand maternally on Mrs. Evans' knee, "but I'm sorry t'tell ye ye're too late!"

"Too late?" echoed Mrs. Evans, disappointed, "what do you mean? Have you given up the idea of Camp Fire altogether?"

"Oh mercy no!" laughed Mrs. Gray merrily, "what I meant by saying ye're too late was t'say we're already started and going fine. Y'see, when I received that letter from America saying you and ye're fine girls were coming over t'help me, I thought I'd just steal a march on ye and do it myself and so I did! I've fifteen o'the sweetest lassies already and five more pestering their folk to let 'em join so I'll have a full membership soon. They're coming over here this afternoon for a meeting and I'll have it no other way but ye must stay for a bite o'lunch and meet the girls."

"Fine!" congratulated Mrs. Evans enthusiastically. "We'll be delighted to stay. I'm more than anxious to meet your girls and I must say this is a very pleasant and welcome surprise to all of us."

During the meeting of the English Camp Fire Girls at Mrs. Gray's house that afternoon, Mrs.

Evans, with the power vested in her by Miss Rosenfeld, appointed their charming little Scotch hostess Executive Secretary for England with authority to appoint Guardians and grant charters to groups wishing to establish themselves as Camp Fires. After the meeting, tea was served and bidding their English Camp Fire comrades goodbye, Mrs. Evans and the girls returned to the hotel.

"I think," announced Mrs. Evans as they reached their rooms, "that as long as everything is going so well here, after we send our reports back to New York, we'll drive out to Croydon and see how soon we can take off for Brussels, our next stop. From there we go to Berlin, you know and I'm rather anxious to see what the Germans, with their wonderful capacity for organization, are doing with Camp Fire."

CHAPTER IX

Promising to have the plane ready for an early morning take-off, Kelly and McManus accompanied the girls and Mrs. Evans back to London where, after supper, it was decided to go to a show. Consulting the newspapers to see what performances were playing at the various theatres, Alice's eye caught a small, one inch advertisement at the bottom of the page.

"Oh look!" she cried, "lets go to the Savoy. They're playing Gilbert and Sullivan's 'H.M.S. Pinafore.' I always did want to see that."

Alice's choice seemed to be the choice of the others as well and so off they went to the Savoy where they laughed at the antics of Dick Deadeye and the troubles of poor little Buttercup and could not help but sway their heads in time to the lilting music, despite the amused glances of their neighbors.

On the way home from the show, at the suggestion of Kelly and McManus, they stopped at Rumpelmayer's, an internationally known restaurant patronized only by the most fashionable and exclusive diners-out. As they sat at their table, both the pilot and the navigator, who had been in London before while on military furlough during the war, pointed out for the benefit and information of the girls and Mrs. Evans, various well

known millionaires and celebrities as they came and went. To the girls it seemed as though the women here, while splendidly garbed, could not begin to compare with those they had seen in the grill room of their hotel in New York the morning of their departure. The men, however, seemed more carefully and painstakingly attired than their American cousins. But McManus soon put an end to their speculations by announcing his plans for an early take-off in the morning.

"If we want to make any time to Brussels," he announced, "it would be best to leave the airport around five in the morning before the planes entering and leaving Croydon begin their daily schedules. Not only will we be assured of good flying weather then, but the air will be free of other planes. We ought to make it in about an hour or so, giving you plenty of time to get off the field before word is flashed from one airport to the next to be on the lookout for the famous flying females as one of the newspapers described you."

"In that case," laughed Mrs. Evans gathering up her wrap, "I think the famous flying females had better be off to bed. I'll wire ahead now to the Plaza hotel for reservations and send headquarters a cable telling them where we're going in case they should want to communicate with us. Come on girls, we'll have to get up at four if we want to be at the airport by five."

The next morning the rising sun found them winging their way across the choppy English Channel while far below them they could see tiny boats being tossed about on the turbulent waters.

Their course led them directly over old Dover on the English side, past Calais in France and over Ypres in Belgium. As they flew over the little town that figured so prominently in the World War, the girls looked in vain for some traces of its ravages but aside from a forest of crosses marking a cemetery just outside of the town, there were no outward indications that one of the grimmest battles in the history of the world had been fought there. Skirting Ghent, Pilot Kelly swooped his plane low over Brussels, the smallest capital in Europe and known to travellers the world over as "Little Paris." As the girls looked down from the plane, they beheld a veritable sea of umbrellas below them and later, when they were driving from the landing field to their hotel, they saw what was under them. In almost every European town, regardless of size, there remains the unforgettable stamp of bygone days, the medieval square, a large, open space, usually in the center of the town where the people could disport themselves on holidays and the travelling merchant could display his wares on market days. It was such a square the girls had seen the umbrellas cover from the air, the Grand Palace of Brussels where in the early mornings fruit and vegetable venders set up their stalls and umbrellas to remain until about noon when they leave, cleaning up their debris behind them. Then it becomes a delightful plaza with the beautiful Hotel de Ville on one side and the famous Guild Halls surrounding the rest of it. Driving to their hotel, the girls passed the remarkably well kept Parc du Cinquanteenaire

with its stately Monumental Arcade commemorating the Nation's war dead. Arriving at their hotel, the girls changed clothes and prepared to write more letters home but Mrs. Evans had other plans for the morning. Since it was too early to look up Mrs. Van Vleck, the woman who had at one time formed a Camp Fire group in Brussels, Mrs. Evans proposed that they visit the Palais des Beaux-Arts with its unrivalled collections of paintings by such old masters as Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Rubens and Franz Hals. Eagerly assenting, the girls laid down their pens and prepared to leave but Mabel still stood and stared moodily out the window where she had gone almost as soon as she entered the sitting room with its adjoining bedrooms that Mrs. Evans had reserved the night before by wire. Noting her dejected attitude, Mrs. Evans thought at first the girl was becoming homesick and in an attempt to prevent the others from catching her mood, she adopted a light tone of easy banter. Going over to the brooding girl, she threw an affectionate arm about her shoulder.

"Whats the matter, old girl," she asked, "eat something that didn't agree with you or are you hungry again?"

"Neither," sighed Mabel, moving away, "I just feel disappointed, I guess, thats all."

"Because that handsome guard at the airport didn't wink at you?" teased Dolores, "instead of me?"

"Huh!" grunted Mabel, "who'd wink at a scarecrow like you? He didn't wink, he blinked in amazement when he saw you."

"What are you disappointed about?" asked Mrs. Evans, perplexed. "Doesn't Brussels come up to your expectations?"

"That's it," confessed Mabel. "I wasn't going to say anything but you've hit the ball over the fence. Brussels isn't what I'd hoped and in fact thought it would be."

"What was your idea of the place?" asked the bewildered Camp Fire leader. "In case you don't know, this is one of the most beautiful capitals in Europe. What is there about it or lacking in it that doesn't meet up to your expectations?"

"Yes, I know," replied Mabel, "it's pretty, alright, but you can't eat beauty. Where are the Brussels sprouts I thought would be sprouting up all over the place? I thought we'd be able to go along and pick 'em off the trees or something and not one do I see in the whole blame town. It's a fake, if you ask me, a downright, palpable fraud and something ought to be done about it."

"Something ought to be done about you!" cried Anita gasping for breath as she and the others collapsed against walls and into chairs, weak with helpless laughter. Returning from the Palais des Beaux-Arts some time later, the girls decided, at Mrs. Evans' suggestion, that they return to the hotel for lunch after which they would set out in search of Mrs. Van Vleck and commence, through her, if possible, the re-establishment of Camp Fire activities in Belgium. Arriving at their hotel, they stopped at the desk for their keys, which they had no difficulty because of a difference in languages in obtaining since in Brussels, many lan-

guages are spoken. As the clerk gave the girls their keys, he also handed Mrs. Evans a cablegram that had arrived for her a short time before. Tearing open the large blue envelope, she quickly scanned the message as the girls crowded round her, fearful that something amiss had occurred at home. Their fears were heightened when Mrs. Evans, reading the message over for the second time, sighed and shook her head sadly. Handing the cablegram to Anita who was standing nearest her, she regretted the sudden action that now became necessary. As the message went from hand to hand, she sighed wistfully.

"PROCEED BERLIN IMMEDIATELY (the message read)

(signed) ROSENFELD"

"I'll really hate to leave here," she said, "we've only been here a few hours and yet I know that if I had my choice, I'd rather live here than in any other country or city on the Continent."

"I wonder what's happened?" began Alice but Mrs. Evans only shrugged her shoulders in a helpless gesture.

"I don't know," she replied, "we'll probably find out later by letter. Well, if we've got to go, we might as well begin preparations."

"Yes," agreed Mabel heading for the dining room, "and the best way to begin 'em is by having lunch. I'm starved. Maybe I'll get some of those Brussels sprouts in here."

"You girls go in and order," directed Mrs. Evans, "while I see if I can't get in touch with McManus or Kelly some way so they can have the plane

ready by the time we get out to the landing field. I don't want to waste any time. I don't know what the reason for this sudden move is, and I'm anxious to find out."

"At this rate," sighed Lenore, "spending a day or two in each country, we'll be home in a few weeks instead of months."

Going into the dining room, the girls ordered their lunch while Mrs. Evans, finding a telephone, established communication with the airport and in a few minutes was informing Pilot Kelly of their instructions. Receiving his assurance that if McManus said the weather was permissible, they could leave at once, she joined the girls in the dining room.

"As soon as we finish lunch," she instructed, "we'll pack and start for the landing field. Mr. Kelly tells me it will require about three and a half to four hours to fly to Berlin which ought to get us there in time to get in touch with Fraulein Von Steinberg, who has written Miss Rosenfeld as being interested in starting a Camp Fire group in Berlin with the idea of spreading it throughout Germany. Maybe that's why she wants us to go there at once, intending to have us come back here later. I hope we do. I like Belgium."

Repacking their recently opened bags, the girls and Mrs. Evans left the hotel, hailed a cab and soon were on their way to the airport which they reached just as Kelly was warming up his motors, preparatory to leaving on a moment's notice. Boarding the plane, they were soon soaring over little Belgium and an hour later were passing the border

town of Dusseldorf in Germany. Two hours later they flew over Potsdam, just outside of Berlin and a half hour later they swooped down to a perfect landing in the municipal airport on the outskirts of the city. Not wishing to lose any time but yet knowing that Miss Rosenfeld was probably awaiting news of their arrival, Mrs. Evans dispatched a cablegram to New York informing the executive secretary of the name of the hotel she and the girls intended to stop at in Berlin and, the necessary formalities concerning passports and the like gotten over with as quickly as possible, they hailed a cab and were soon driving down famous Unter den Linden to the Esplanade hotel.

European hotels, with the exception of a very few, recently erected hostelries, have no private baths such as are found in every American hotel and so, while Mabel waited her turn at one of the two tubs on the floor on which they had been assigned a room, she took the opportunity to inform her brother, a medical student at the University of Berlin, of her presence in Germany.

Not finding him listed in the phone book, Mabel scribbled a hasty note and dispatched it by messenger to her brother's address. Half an hour later there was a rush of hurrying feet along the corridor and a rapid tattoo sounded a moment later on the door of the girls' room. Thinking another cablegram had arrived, Mrs. Evans opened the door and started back in surprise as she saw, not the familiar dark blue of an expected messenger's uniform but a bearded youth wearing the

short jacket and dull grey cap of the German student.

"You're Mrs. Evans, aren't you?" he asked eagerly in English but before she had a chance to reply there was a loud whoop and Mabel charged across the room and catapulted herself into her brother's arms.

"Oh Ronnie!" she cried joyfully, wriggling out of his embrace, "let me look at you. You're getting fat! And that beard! Did you lose your razor or are you just trying to be funny?"

"Neither," laughed the young medico, "everyone over here has a beard. You're not looking so bad yourself. Boy, was I surprised when I got your note! Mom wrote you were coming but I've been so busy, it escaped my mind, I guess. What's new in Oakdale or are they still talking about how Grant took Richmond?"

Ronald Chapman knew the other girls as well as he knew his sister Mabel for they had all been children together in Oakdale and for the next hour the room was filled with a merry din as news of Oakdale was exchanged for accounts of the life of a medical student in Berlin. Suddenly a tower clock boomed somewhere and Ronnie sprang to his feet.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed, "I've been here an hour and it seemed like five minutes. Listen, I've got to scam back to the University for a late class but I'll be back in an hour and a half at the latest. Wait for me. I'll bring some swell chaps I know along and we'll have dinner together and go to a show. S'long."

True to his promise, Ronnie returned some time later with five fellow students whom he introduced to Mrs. Evans and the girls as Kurt Gloekner, Conrad Weigel, Karl Wirtshafter, Hans Schaeffer and Fritz Grunbaum, all of whom, to the girls' surprise, spoke English fairly well, a fact that Kurt laughingly credited to Ronnie's coaching.

"He's a liar," informed Ronnie calmly, "English is a required subject in all the schools here. English and American students are taught German and German students are taught English. I'm hungry, lets eat."

"That seems to be the Chapman motto," laughed Anita as she and the others prepared to accompany the boys.

"What do you say we dine at the Linden Platz?" suggested Fritz as they left the hotel.

"I was about to suggest that myself," replied Ronnie and then, turning to the girls, explained. "The Linden Platz," he informed them, "is one of the swellest beer gardens in Berlin."

"Why, Ronnie," interrupted Mrs. Evans, amazed, "we cant-----"

"Oh yes you can," laughed Ronnie, anticipating Mrs. Evans' protest. "Wait'll you see it. Going to a beer garden here is like going to the Sugar Bowl in Oakdale, everybody does it only you get more to eat and beer, instead of malted milk."

The evening being warm, it was decided to walk to the Linden Platz and as they strolled along, the boys pointed out various places of interest to the girls. The former Imperial Palace, now thrown

open to a curious public save for a few rooms still occupied occasionally by the ex-Crown Prince, famous Brandenburger Tor, the large, world famous University at which Ronnie and his friends were students and many other interesting landmarks were pointed out. Arriving at the Linden Platz, the girls found it to be a large, enclosed area, filled with tables, chairs and people. Electric lights were strung from tree to tree, everywhere gay banners were flying and on a large platform at one end of the enclosure a dashing uniformed band was playing one of Straus' lilting waltzes. Men, women and children sat at the tables and the girls stared in open mouthed surprise as here and there some portly German *hausfrau* put down her knitting or embroidery long enough to place a beautifully colored and elaborately decorated stein full of beer to her child's lips for a sip of the clear amber fluid.

Noting their surprise, Ronnie laughed and as they followed a waiter to a table, he told them to set their minds at ease.

"Don't worry about those kids," he grinned. "This beer isn't like the poison you get back home. Even with the prohibition repeal in effect there now, they can't duplicate German beer and never could. Try it, on my responsibility. Its actually nutritious and as harmless as soda pop."

To their delighted surprise, the girls and Mrs. Evans, after a few timorous sips, found that Ronnie was right and later, to the girls' embarrassment and the boys' uproarious hilarity, both he and Mrs. Evans were forced to curtail Mabel's intake of the

velvety, foaming drink since, as Conrad explained, there was almost a pound of fat in every stein.

After a delicious supper, Hans proposed a movie and soon the delighted girls were watching familiar Hollywood favorites flashing across a German screen.

Some hours later, the girls were escorted back to their hotel where Mabel and Ronnie bid each other goodbye since Ronnie was leaving in the morning for a hospital in Hamburg to take up his duties as an interne there.

Consulting a telephone directory the next morning, Mrs. Evans soon found Fraulein Von Steinberg's number but, remembering she was unable to speak German and that the Fraulein probably knew no English, she refrained from phoning.

"We're going out to see Fraulein Von Steinberg right away," she told the girls. "It must be important if Miss Rosenfeld asked us to come here at once and I'd like to know more about it."

But just as they were about to leave the large, airy room containing six beds with ample room to move around in beside, that had been assigned to them, there was a light knock on the door.

"Mrs. Effons!" called a feminine voice, "it iss I, Selma Von Steinberg, I haf come to talk mit you about der Kampfen Fire."

Springing to the door, Alice threw it open, revealing a smiling, pretty young girl, her heavy blonde hair done in two thick coils of braids around her head and her slim, boyish figure encased in a modish tweed sports suit.

"Come in," invited Mrs. Evans cordially, "You've

saved us a trip. We were just going out to find you. I'm glad you came. Won't you sit down?"

She spoke slowly and chose her words carefully since she realized that Fraulein Von Steinberg's command of English was somewhat limited. Smiling broadly, the German girl, who appeared to be eighteen or nineteen years old, stepped into the room and sat down, murmuring a polite, "*danke schoen*" as she did so. First introducing the newcomer to the girls, Mrs. Evans began plying the German girl with questions.

"How did you know we were in Berlin?" she asked, "and how did you know in what hotel to find us?"

"I vill tell you," replied Selma, "I haf Kampf Girls und den I half no more because I haf not money for vat-you-call tax. All dings in Germany iss mit tax. So I write to America und say I haf not money for tax. Den comes back *ein brief*, vat-you-call a ledder und it say you come und den I haf Kampfen Fire again, *nicht wahr*?"

Explaining as best she could their purpose in Europe, Mrs. Evans told the delighted Selma that everything possible would be done to get her Camp Fire group organized again and not to hesitate to call on her or the girls for any assistance. But Selma insisted she needed no other assistance but money in re-organizing her group and so, after carefully investigating the matter the next day, sending the girls with interpreters to the proper sources of information to bring back the facts, Mrs. Evans arranged and paid for the government license fee which Selma had to have and further,

provided for its yearly renewal with funds from New York until the German group would be able to finance themselves. Tears of joy streaming down her pretty face, Selma could not thank her benefactresses enough, kissing their hands repeatedly in true European style. The girls and Mrs. Evans had been in Berlin a week when Selma came to them one day with the report that her membership was already full and that she was receiving applications from all over the country for Guardianships and charters and so, vesting her with the same authority that she gave Mrs. Gray in England, Mrs. Evans made Selma Von Steinberg the happiest girl in all Germany. The next day, their work through in Germany, the girls took off for Prague in Czecho-Slovakia where, the influence of Selma's efforts had already been felt so, stopping just long enough to make sure everything was going smoothly, they left the same day for gay Vienna in Austria and from there to Hungary, stopping in Budapest. But even there, Selma's influence had been felt since friends of hers and her girls had already written their comrades in those cities with the result that Camp Fire groups were everywhere forming rapidly. Leaving charming old Budapest early one morning the girls flew to Berne, Switzerland where a well established Camp Fire organization was and had been functioning smoothly. While they were there, the organization received several inquiries from Milan in Italy and while their original intention had been to visit Stresa in that country, the girls took off at once for Milan, the most modern city in the old world,

since it had the reputation of being the "Detroit of Europe" by virtue of its many automobile factories. Arriving there late one afternoon, it was decided to see something of this most modern city first, since by the time they reached their hotel, refreshed themselves and completed writing their reports to headquarters in New York, it would be too late to try to establish communication with Signorina Bianca Strozzi, from whom the Camp Fire organization in Berne had received an application for a Guardianship. Mrs. Evans had already made reservations at the Regina Palace hotel in Stresa, that charming little town that lay like a jewel in the crown of the Italian lakes and so, upon her arrival in Milan, she dispatched a telegram, through the local American Express office which translated her message into Italian, cancelling the reservation. As she waited for the dark haired young woman to inform her of the fee for translating and sending the message, she was absent mindedly examining the many posters on the walls while the girls waited for her in another part of the room when she suddenly felt a soft touch on her arm which she had been resting on the counter. Thinking that perhaps she was standing in someone's way, she moved and looked around but only the pretty little Italian girl behind the counter met her gaze and as Mrs. Evans looked at her, she saw that her beautiful black eyes were round and bright with awe and admiration.

CHAPTER X

"Signora," she whispered, "you are indeed-a de American of de Camp Fire?"

Smiling, Mrs. Evans nodded in reply to the girl's question and the next moment she was all but smothered in the impetuous girl's embrace.

"*Ben trovato!*" she cried, "Oh, signora, I am so much joy you come to Milano. Wait-a wan min-oots. I come right-a back."

And before Mrs. Evans could frame a question, the girl had gone and a minute later had reappeared. Grasping Mrs. Evans by the hand, she burst into a torrent of Italian from which the Camp Fire leader was just able to guess that the pretty Italian miss was Bianca Strozzi. Still chattering volubly, her English drowned in her native tongue, Mrs. Evans led the girl to where the others were standing and introduced her. Stopping long enough in her flow of words to acknowledge the introductions, Bianca continued pouring out what the girls and Mrs. Evans guessed to be her woes concerning the establishment of an Italian Camp Fire group. By the time, however, that the girls and Mrs. Evans reached their hotel with their excited friend, she had cooled down enough to tell them in halting English what she had been so dramatically expressing in Italian. After listening carefully, Mrs. Evans soon saw that the chief

difficulty lay in the girl's ignorance of how to proceed with the forming of a group and so, instead of touring Milan on a sightseeing trip as they had planned, Mrs. Evans and the girls spent that day and the next in instructing the thrilled Bianca in the ways of Camp Fire, after which, when she had obtained sufficient members, she was made a Guardian and, like the others whom Mrs. Evans and the girls had helped, was given authority to appoint other Guardians throughout Italy. By the end of two weeks, Mrs. Evans was satisfied that the Italian organization could continue without further help and so, early one morning, amid tearful goodbyes from Bianca and her fifteen Camp Fire Girls, Mrs. Evans and her girls took off from Milan for Paris where they found a Camp Fire Guardian but no membership. The French leader, with no one to lead, Mademoiselle Louise LeJure, complained that she had a hard and almost impossible task in keeping the girls interested and upon asking what they did at their meetings, Mrs. Evans had the key to the difficulty solved when the pretty young Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders, spread out her hands and raised her eyebrows.

"Nottings," she said, "wat does one do, eh? Me I do not know."

Whereupon the girls spent another busy two weeks, instructing the surprised Louise in the art of making Camp Fire meetings interesting while Mrs. Evans organized a group for the grateful Frenchwoman. It was while they were discussing her problems, real or imagined, one day as they

were sitting at a table in one of the little sidewalk cafes that dot Paris that they were approached by a small, dark skinned man who, without further ado, sat down at their table and produced a chamois pouch from which he took a few precious stones, holding them so in the palm of his hand that only the girls could see them. Smiling very ingratiatingly, he looked from one to the other.

"They are pretty, no?" he whispered. "*Bien*, it is so. For the small sum, then, of one hundred francs each, they are yours. Ah, see how they sparkle!"

The girls were overwhelmed and Mrs. Evans looked tempted but Louise Le Jure knew her Paris and its toadies. In a rapid fire outburst of French she sent the wizened stranger scurrying away as the others looked on surprised.

"I know heem, zat one," she told the others when he had gone, "Zat is Shanthi Dahabur, a bad one, he is. Zoze stones, he weel take to your America, how you say? *smoogal*. He 'ave Hindu cloth an' in thees he sew many jewels. I know."

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Evans but she only received another of Louise's characteristic shrugs in reply.

"If you knew about this," continued Mrs. Evans, "why haven't you reported it to the proper authorities?"

"Oo are de aut'orities?" asked Louise. "De gendarmes I 'ave tell bot zey do not care. Viola! I do not care too."

"Well, something should be done about it," replied Mrs. Evans. Before she and the girls left

Paris a few days later, it was necessary to report to the American Embassy there in order to have their passports properly visaed.

While they were waiting in an ante room to see the proper official, a door opened and a young man, wearing an American naval uniform entered. Thinking their wait was over and they were about to be ushered into the office of the man they were waiting to see, Mrs. Evans looked up from the magazine she was leafing through and started in surprise.

"Why Jimmy Cook!" she cried, springing up, "what on earth are you doing here?"

The young man stopped and slowly a look of recognition crossed his face.

"Florence, for the love of Mike!" he cried, "this is a surprise. What brings you to Paris?"

The young naval officer proved to be Mrs. Evans' cousin and as she introduced him to the girls, she explained their mission abroad.

"We're waiting to have our passports visaed," she finished, "but tell me, what brings you here?"

"I'm a naval attache here," he explained. "Give me your passports, I'll take care of them. Now, how about having lunch with me?"

Accepting Lieutenant Cook's invitation, the girls and Mrs. Evans soon found themselves seated around a table in Zelli's, a restaurant famed the world over for its excellent cuisine. After a delicious lunch it was decided to visit the Eiffel Tower and as the group made their way along the crowded boulevard des Italien Alice pointed to

some one in the press of people just ahead of them.

"There's that Hindu chap that tried to sell us those jewels the other day," she remarked to Lenore. "I wonder if he's sold any yet?"

Lieutenant Cook, although apparently deeply engrossed in conversation with his cousin, turned swiftly around at Alice's words.

"Who is he? Where is he?" he demanded. "We've been looking for a Hindu that been smuggling uncut jewels into the States. I'd like to get my hands on him."

As they walked along, Mrs. Evans told her cousin of their encounter a few days before with the wizened Oriental, telling him what Louise had told them. Lieutenant Cook said nothing, but he made a mental note to have the wily Dahabur apprehended upon his arrival in New York with his contraband.

From Paris, after they were sure Louise could get along without further assistance from them, the girls flew to Barcelona in Spain where Dolores was eager to visit her uncle. But Dolores was to be denied the pleasure of seeing her relatives for when they arrived at the Alcazar hotel there, a cablegram was awaiting them.

"PROCEED PIEPING" (they read)

(signed) ROSENFELD"

It was still early in the morning when they landed at the Spanish airport and so, stopping at the hotel only long enough to refresh themselves after the long flight from Paris, they had breakfast and returned at once to the landing field. Show-

ing Kelly and McManus the cablegram, they were told that they would be able to take off again in about half an hour so instead of exploring the city as was their habit in each country, they loitered about the airport until the plane was refueled.

Dolores, in the meantime took advantage of the brief time at her disposal to establish communication with her father's brother. The fact that he owned and operated a large furniture factory in Barcelona made his name an easy one to find in the phone book and soon Dolores was standing in a telephone booth in the low, rambling administration building, trying to make her uncle understand who she was. By slowly repeating her father's name together with the name, "Oakdale" she finally managed to convey her identity to her surprised relative.

Keenly disappointed over not being able to see his niece from America, Manuel Rodriguez, Dolores' uncle, kept up a steady stream of conversation over the phone, most of which she was unable to understand since in his excitement he spoke more Spanish than English. Dolores, however, did gather that her uncle and his family intended visiting their American relatives that winter.

Finally uncle and niece found they had no more to say to each other and so, with reluctant good-byes they looked forward to seeing each other for the first time in Oakdale next winter.

Dolores had just stepped from the phone booth when McManus appeared announcing that the plane was in readiness and a few minutes later they were soaring out over the Mediterranean,

passing the Balearic Isles and then swooping south over Sardinia some hours later. Occupying their time by completing their reports of their activities in Paris, the girls scarcely noted the passage of time until McManus slid back the glass panel between the two compartments.

"We'll have to spend the night in Bombay," he called. "The weather's getting bad and the motors need tuning. We'll be there in a few hours."

Although it was planned to leave Bombay early in the morning of the following day, further repairs to the plane made that impossible and so Mrs. Evans and the girls spent the day exploring the wonders of the Hindu city, marvelling at the fortitude and sacrifices of the fakirs, some of whom they saw sitting on spikes, others gazing continually and perpetually, at the sun and many more examples of religious fanaticism. Bombay the girls found to be a queer admixture of the mystic East and the modern, progressive West and it was with real regret that they saw the last of its wonder filled streets as they flew over it the next morning on their way to Pieping, China.

Roaring on over the Orient, the girls saw below them, after several hours of flight, the dense jungles of French Indo-China, the busy harbors of the Malay Peninsula and finally the broad rice fields of China appeared beneath the wings of the plane like so many white handkerchiefs spread out in the sun to dry. A few hours later they dropped down on the borders of the ancient Chinese city nestling in the shadows of the Great Wall that runs for more than two thousand miles across

northern China. Proceeding at once to the American Colony in this most polyglot of all cities the girls and Mrs. Evans obtained rooms in the United States hotel on Wei Road which they reached by rickshaw, being pulled through the narrow, overcrowded streets by coolies with tattered beggars thrusting their bowls and outstretched palms at them wherever they stopped. Anxious to leave the noisy, congested city as soon as possible, although the stone wall around the American Colony shut out much of the noise, the girls and Mrs. Evans set out at once, after changing their clothes for the coolest garments they could find, for number 18 Rising Sun Road where Chao-Nan, the Chinese Camp Fire Guardian lived. According to the information given them by Miss Rosenfeld before they left New York, the Camp Fire group there had been disrupted by the almost continual invasions of the various warring factions that were keeping China in a constant turmoil most of the time, and it was Mrs. Evans' purpose to show the Chinese Camp Fire leader how, after helping her re-organize her group, she and her girls could be of valuable service to her distressed countrymen. Number 18 Rising Sun Road proved to be a quaint little tea shop in a narrow, sunless little lane that was almost an alley and the girls laughed over its inappropriate name. Chao-Nan, however, was as different from her surroundings as the street she lived on was from its name. Modern from her American made, high heeled shoes to her modishly bobbed, jet black hair, Chao-Nan was a revelation to the girls. Smilingly she invited them

in and the girls received their second surprise for, instead of kneeling on the floor as they knew was the custom, they found beautifully laquered tables and chairs on which, with a gracious wave of her hand, their charming hostess invited them to sit. As soon as the girls had arrived, Chao-Nan called something to someone in another part of the tea shop in back of which she lived with her parents and soon a grave looking, bespectacled young Chinese student came in, dressed, as was Chao-Nan, in American clothes. Rapidly but softly the girl spoke to him in Chinese whereupon the young man turned and bowed to Mrs. Evans and the girls.

"My august friend," he began, "informs me of your most welcome identity and wishes me to greet you and act as interpreter. My humble services are yours to command. I shall try to reproduce your words faithfully."

Speaking through the interpreter, Mrs. Evans soon found that for some time the Camp Fire group had been unorganized because the girls were afraid to venture forth in the streets alone due to the almost continual warfare that had been raging in China. Promising to obtain the protection of the American legation for the girls, since the Chinese Camp Fire was to be a branch of the headquarters in New York and therefore an American interest, Mrs. Evans was told that if that were done, Camp Fire activities could be resumed at once. Taking Chao-Nan and her interpreter back to their hotel with them, Mrs. Evans lost no time in calling on the American consul in Pieping and securing his promise that the Chinese

Camp Fire group would be afforded the same protection in case of war that all other American interests received. When the news was relayed to Chao-Nan through the interpreter, she clapped her hands with joy and bowed low several times in rapid succession, her way of showing her appreciation and gratitude. Their mission in China successfully concluded, the girls took off for Yokahama in Japan where a minor misunderstanding had caused cessation of Camp Fire activities for several months. The difficulty was soon straightened out, however and after a week or two spent in showing the Japanese group American methods, the girls found themselves facing the long flight across the Pacific home, with but one stop at Hawaii to re-fuel the plane and inspect the Camp Fire group in Honolulu. Two and a half glorious months had been spent in flying over Europe and the girls were loath to leave although a touch of home sickness was beginning to manifest itself here and there. The peace and quiet of Oakdale would be a welcome relief after the busy rush of Continental Europe and the fall semester of school was scheduled to start in a few weeks and so, very early one morning the big plane with its now somewhat reluctant passengers aboard, took off over the Pacific and roared steadily onward all that day and night until dawn brought them their first glimpse of beautiful Hawaii far below them. Resting there at the Royal Hawaiian hotel, they inspected and made friends with the Hawaiian Camp Fire Girls who taught them the thrilling sport of surf board riding. Burned a deep tan from their week of al-

most continual swimming and surf board riding on the beach at Waikiki, the girls begged Mrs. Evans to allow them another week in the beautiful island but reluctantly she was forced to refuse.

"I'd like to loaf around here as much as you would," she told them, "but we're due in New York in a few days and school begins in another week so I guess we'd better begin packing. Maybe we can come back here someday."

"I'm going to, or burst," affirmed Mabel and for once the others agreed with her whole heartedly. Accompanying their American friends to the landing field, the Hawaiian girls sang the sad but beautiful, "Aloha Oe," traditional Hawaiian farewell song and a moment later the plane was soaring above the palm trees, its nose pointed toward Los Angeles and home. The trip across the United States was made in record time since the girls were to report in New York before returning to Oakdale and school. Receiving the congratulations of Miss Rosenfeld on their splendid work, the plane, much to the grateful surprise of both the girls and Mrs. Evans, was placed at their disposal to take them back to Oakdale for now, that they had returned to the United States, everyone was eager to return home as soon as possible. Flying high over the Alleghenies the next day, Mabel looked down on the panorama spread below her and sighed.

"I'm sure going to miss this old bus," she said, "Driving in an auto after this is going to seem like bicycle riding."

"Without the work," reminded Lenore.

The entire town of Oakdale turned out to greet

the round the world flyers on their return. The mayor had a speech to make, the editor of the local paper had a contract in his pocket giving the girls space in his paper in which to tell of their flight and all the town was covered with flags and bunting. The rest of Wa-Wan-Da Camp Fire who had stayed home were waiting to greet them in ceremonial style, all of which the happy but tired girls successfully avoided with the help of Mr. Evans who herded them into his machine and drove away before anyone knew what had happened.

An hour later, five tired world travellers were sleeping soundly in their own beds while happy parents, joyous over the return of their wandering daughters, dispersed curious groups in front of their respective homes. Dolores, Anita, Lenore, Alice and Mabel, together with their charming leader were the heroines of Oakdale, but to ten happy parents and one doting husband they were just six very tired and very much missed little girls.

THE END